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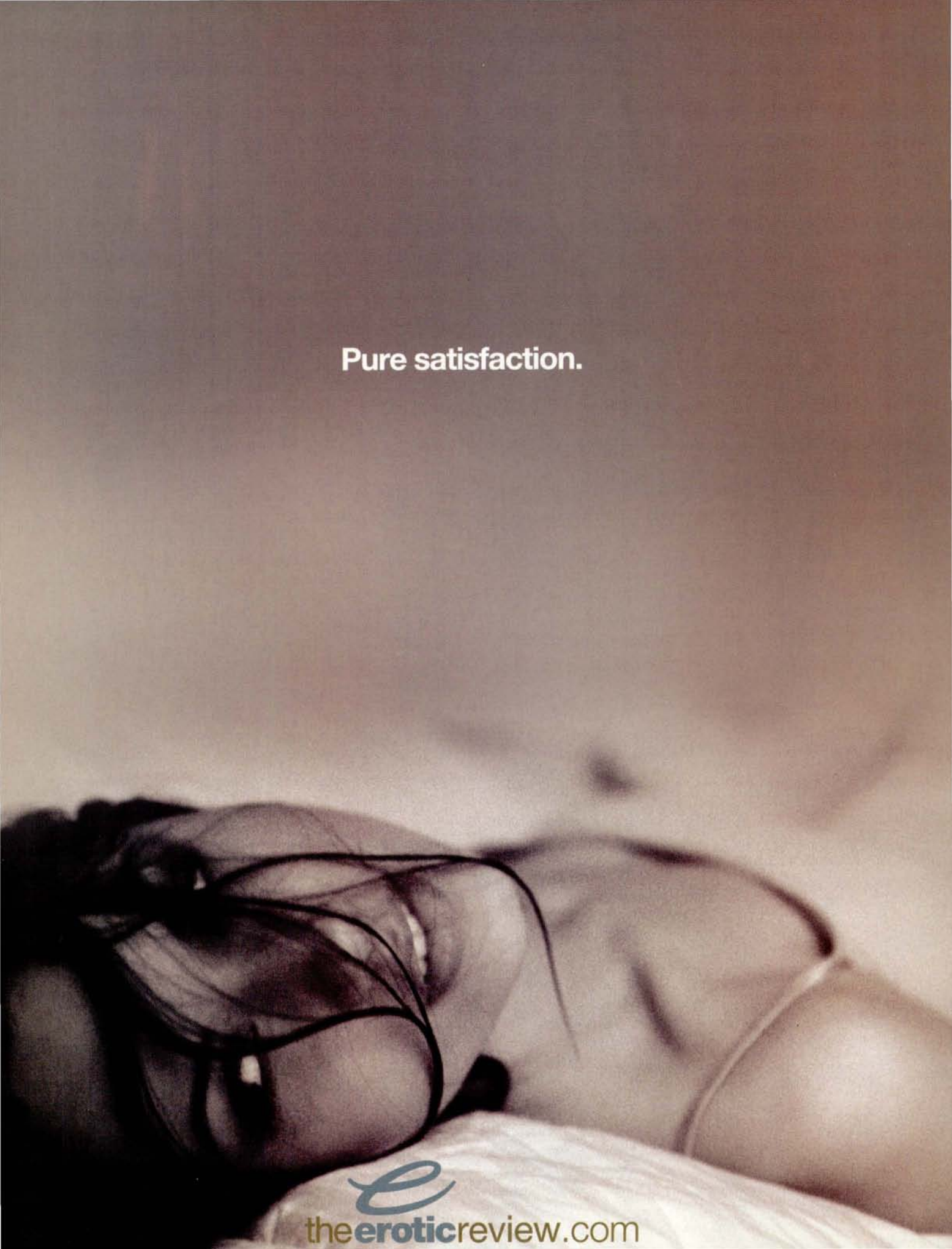
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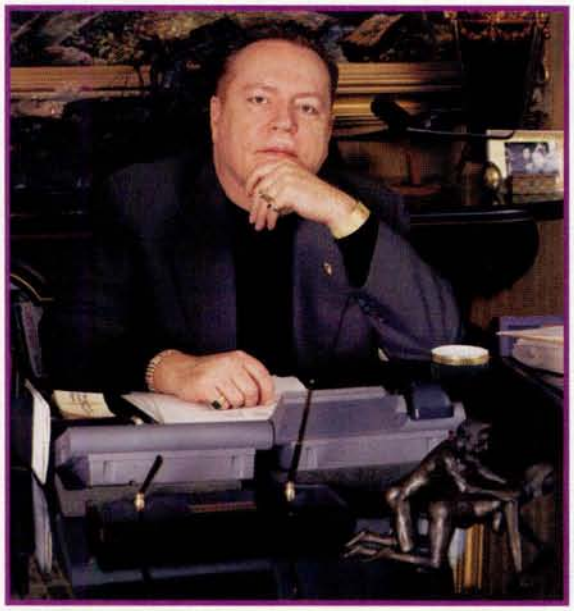


ANYBODY BUT BUSH
(PART 2)

The following is a plea to the readers of this magazine. When you step into the election booth on November 2 to vote for the President of the United States, please remember the following:

George W. Bush was not elected; he was *selected* by a conservative Supreme Court.

Bush favors Big Business over the working class; his tax cuts were a bonanza to the rich and a slap in the face to the middle and lower classes. The money the middle and lower classes purportedly saved via the aforementioned tax cuts was taken back from them in higher state and local taxes to pay for schools, health care and other social programs defunded by the Bush regime—or such services have been curtailed. If you're not a member of America's upper class, voting for George W. Bush makes as much sense as a chicken voting for Colonel Sanders.

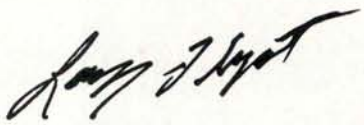
Bush lied about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq and about Iraq's connection to 9/11. There are no WMD in Iraq, nor is there any proof that the country had any connection with 9/11. Our young men and women are dying over there for no good reason. Worse still, at the same time Bush asked us to support our troops, he cut their health and education benefits.

Look, I'm just a plain-talkin' guy, but doesn't that alone make Bush a scumbag?

Nonetheless, it gets worse: Under Bush, Attorney General John Ashcroft has trashed our civil liberties. Like the Politburo of the old Soviet Union, Ashcroft's Justice Department has taken the position that Americans can be rounded up and held without legal representation—indefinitely. (And don't be fooled by the Supreme Court's recent ruling on "enemy combatants"; we're still a long way from due process.)

Along with that, Bush and his administration have declared war on free speech, doing their best to silence the likes of Howard Stern (with the help of the FCC), Michael Moore (by applying economic and political pressure) and even myself (through antipornography prosecutions).

There's more, of course, but the space here is limited. So I'm just going to conclude by saying this: I firmly believe that there has never been an election as important as the one taking place this November; the survival of our democracy is riding on it. Please vote for John Kerry.



Larry Flynt
Publisher, HUSTLER Magazine

P.S. I want to remind readers one last time not to miss Michael Moore's documentary *Fahrenheit 9/11*.

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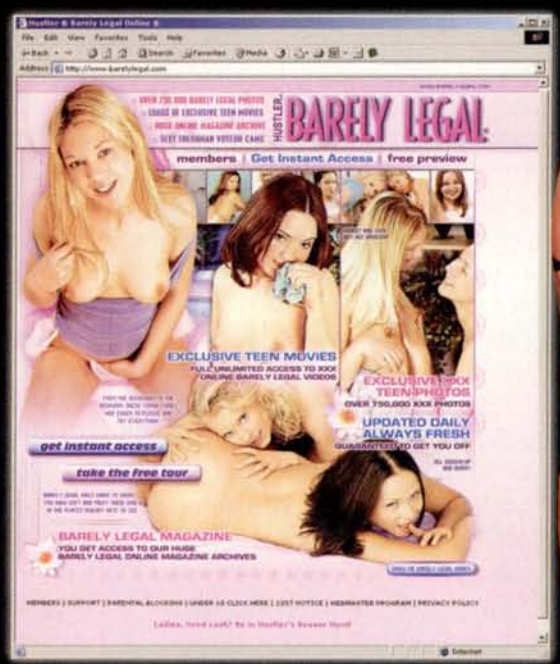
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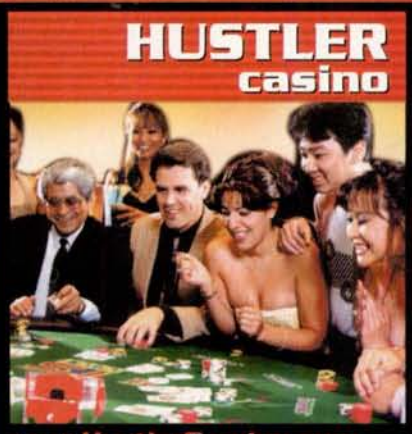

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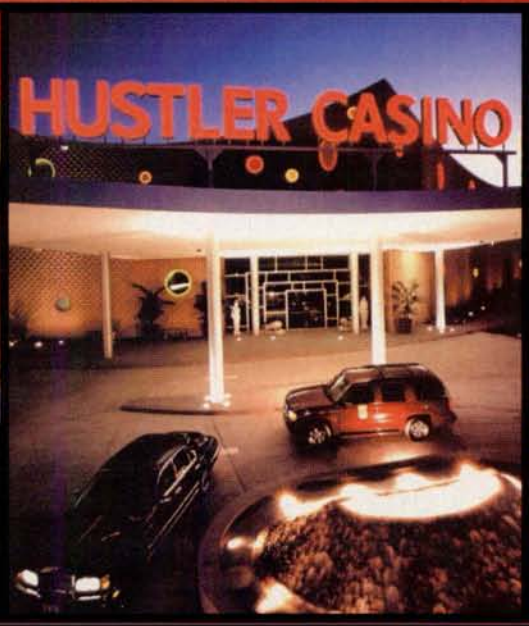

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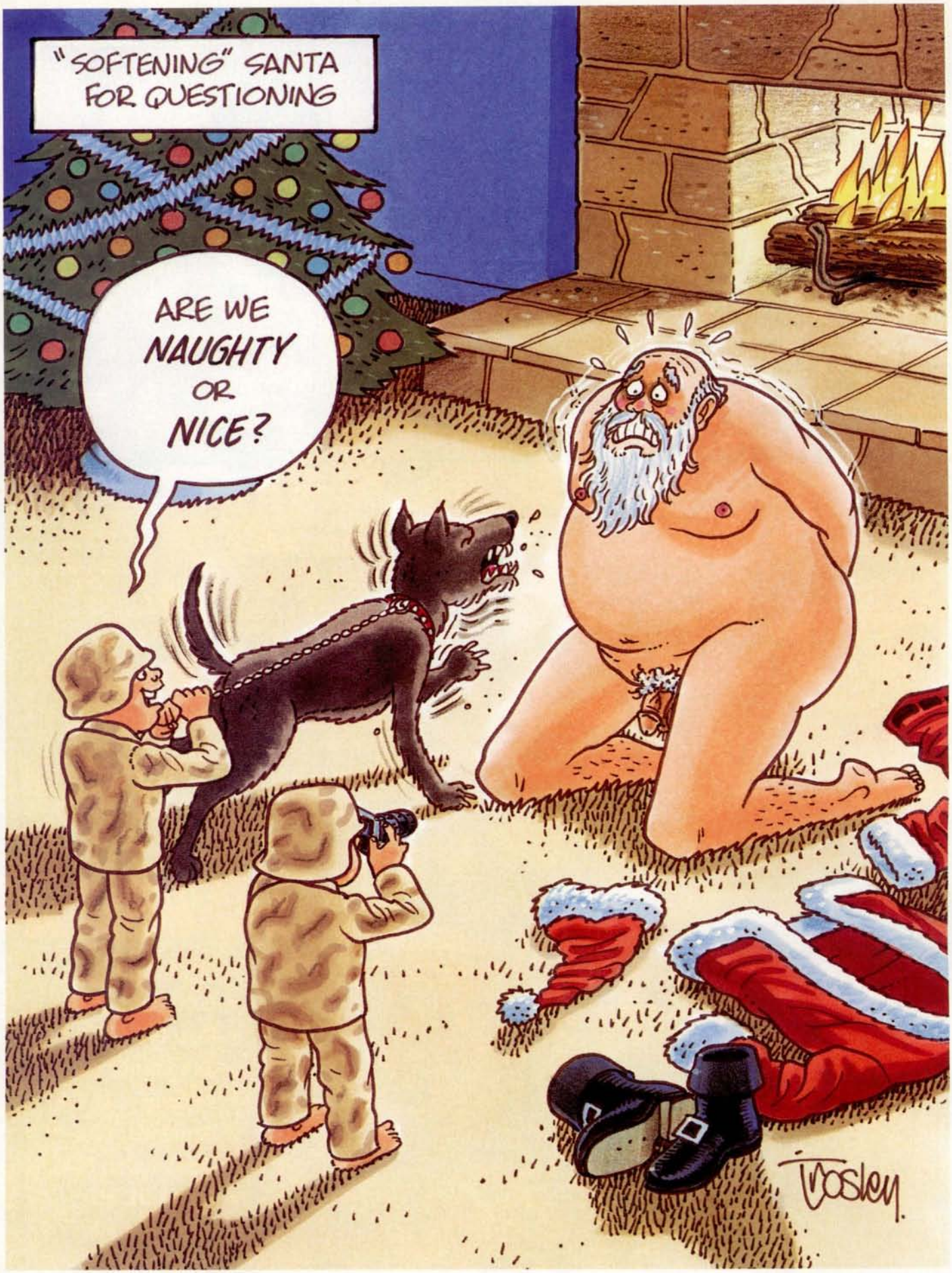
"SOFTENING" SANTA FOR QUESTIONING
ARE WE NAUGHTY OR NICE?
TROSLEY

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Fireman Larry?

I have been a union firefighter for the city of Spokane for the past 25 years. I carry the badge of a professional firefighter with great honor and pride. In eastern Washington State I am a Democrat in the heartland of conservative Republicanism. Actually, anything east of the Cascade Mountains has a severe case of chronic elephantiasis—if you know what I mean. As such, I kowtow to no one, especially a bunch of "Holy Joe" right-wing screwballs who—sitting in their Humvees, drinking iced lattés—look down on the blue-collar folks of our city.

Anyway, Mr. Flynt, I just finished your excellent book, *Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth*. You said in print what many of us firefighters have been saying for years: The Republicans have patted us on the back with one hand and stabbed us with a budget-cutting knife with the other. They are no friends of emergency workers! That is why you see so many "Firefighters for Kerry" T-shirts in the background during the candidate's public appearances.

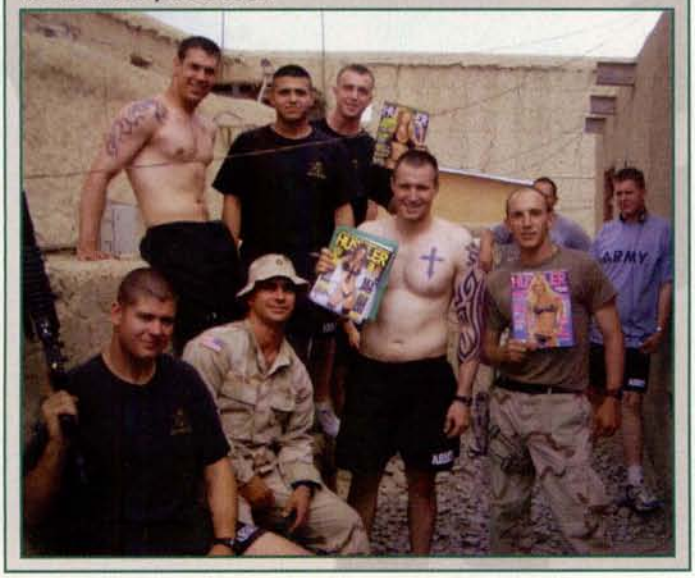
I don't know if this e-mail will find its way to you, but if it does, I just want to add this: Thank you, Mr. Flynt. You'd make one helluva firefighter!

—C.M.
Spokane, Washington

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I just received your magazines. Thank you very much for the reading material; it is very inspirational and boosts my morale a lot, and does the same for the rest of the soldiers over here. If you could send more magazines and DVDs, it would be great. Also, some autographed pictorials of Jenna Jameson and Brianna Banks would be awesome. Well, gotta go fight the bad guys. Yours truly, a stressed-out soldier who needs some inspiration. **—Spc. T.M.U. Jr.**
Afghanistan

Okay, soldier, we'll send you a big care package. Just promise us that you and your brave buddies will do your best to come home in one piece. Deal?



In Like Flynt

I just picked up copies of the October '04 HUSTLER and the new BEST OF BARELY LEGAL. There is a Flynt, and he is a merciful Flynt! I pledge allegiance to the Flynt, one nation under Flynt, with boners for all!

The pictorial *Nadia, Sativa & Simone: Getting Their Kicks* in your October edition is delicious! I'd sure like to see more of them please.

—J.R.
Kirkland, Washington

When the time comes for worthy encore models, we'll keep your letter in mind, J.R. Thanks for being a Larry Flynt Publications kind of guy.

Lick Bush in '04!

I've been an avid HUSTLER reader for many years now—legally almost ten. Like most readers, I laugh at the cartoons dedicated to our abysmal President. Unfortunately, it saddens me to know that all of these jokes are *true*. George W. Bush is destroying America.

We as Americans have a very large decision to make. Elections are coming soon, and according to reports I'm seeing, the Presidential race is more or less deadlocked. I'm not all that familiar with John Kerry—or with his running mate, John Edwards—but I'm *too* familiar with the Bush-Cheney Administration.

I've watched this administration annihilate a foreign country, based solely on personal vendetta and gains. I've watched our President embarrass our American name by disrespecting the United Nations and placing himself on some false pedestal, thinking he is Captain America or something.

I stood by and thought to myself, *How immature*. I also had to ask myself, *What kind of example are we setting for the children of this wonderful nation?* when Vice President Cheney—the second-most-powerful man in the world—reportedly told Senator Patrick Leahy from my state, "Go fuck yourself!" on the Senate floor. [*Editor's Note: Leahy, a Democrat, apparently was cussed at for criticizing the VP's ties with Halliburton, the major "rebuilder" of Iraq.*]

I cried for my fallen brothers and sisters on September 11, 2001—the thousands of innocent people who perished by terrorist action on our own soil. I am all for hunting down and bringing to justice those responsible, but I am outraged that George Dubya still uses the 9/11 tragedy as a platform to further ruin America.

We as Americans need to take our country back. We must remember that this is the *United* States of America and the Land of the Free. It's time we exercise our freedom to change our government. **—D.M.**
South Hero, Vermont

I'm-Outa-Here George

I'm a subscriber to HUSTLER and proud of it. I photocopy most of Larry Flynt's editorials and hand them out at the Democratic Club and to people I meet who *(continued on page 36)*

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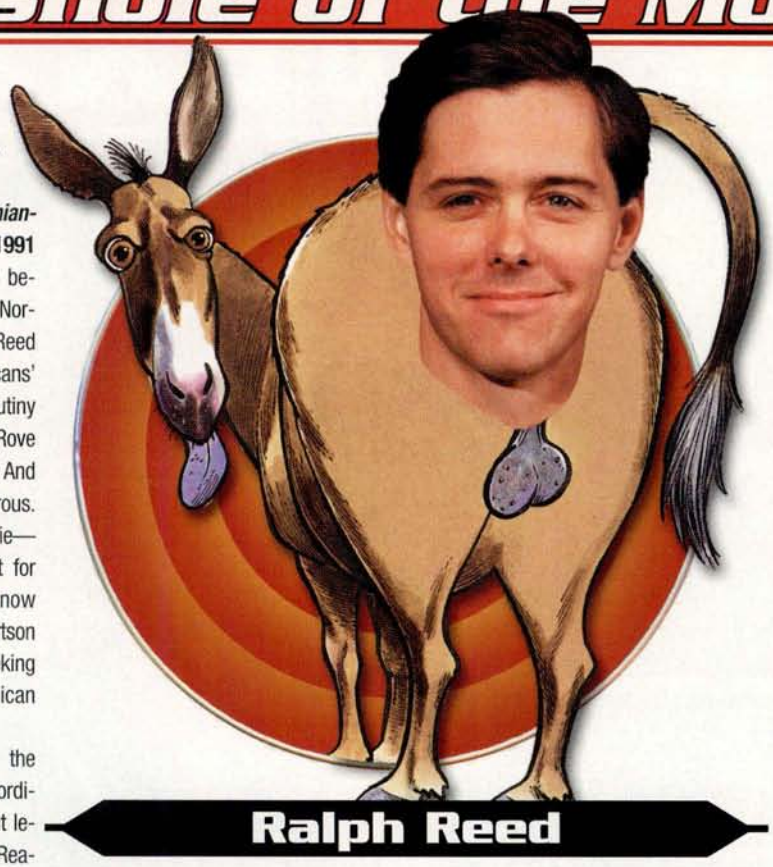

Ralph Reed

"I want to be invisible. I do guerrilla warfare. I paint my face and travel at night. You don't know it's over until you're in a body bag."
—Ralph Reed, *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, November 9, 1991

Resembling a genetic splice between a serial killer and a Norman Rockwell scoutmaster, Ralph Reed has flown beneath most Americans' radar screens, avoiding the scrutiny that rogues like Dick Cheney, Karl Rove and Don Rumsfeld have drawn. And that's precisely why he's so dangerous. Feverishly erecting a Fortress Dixie—basically a GOP electoral redoubt for decades to come—Reed has now eclipsed Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and other rabid televangelists seeking to permanently fuse the Republican Party with the Religious Right.

Reed's crusade began when the Young Republicans wonder boy coordinated a massive drive that brought legions of college kids into Ronald Reagan's reelection campaign in 1984. He then jumped into grass-roots organizing, spending most of the 1990s as the Christian Coalition's executive director. In that post he helped craft Newt Gingrich's "revolution," exerting the full weight of the coalition and swelling its ranks with fanatical volunteers.

Looking for more secular cover, Reed resigned in 1997, shortly before the Christian Coalition was found to have violated its tax-exempt status due to partisan politicking. His next move was launching the right-wing political-consulting firm Century Strategies, followed by his being named chairman of the Georgia Republican Party in 2001. Reed's machinations in the Peach State paid handsome dividends for Karl Rove and company, as their man reorganized—and reinvigorated—the party apparatus and helped put a Republican into the governor's seat for the first time since Reconstruction.

As the 2004 election geared up, Reed assumed command of President Bush's shock troops on the Southern Front—home territory for his dogmatic ideology of radical Christian fundamentalism. Reed is working to fully mobilize the region's share of the estimated 4 million evangelicals who didn't make it to the polls in 2000.

Proving that Republican morality is far more flexible when it comes to its own members (especially if cold, hard cash is involved), Reed's clients haven't been all that squeaky clean—nor his motives very Christ-like.

As head of the Christian Coalition, Reed railed against gambling as anti-family and a cancer on America. Yet Century Strategies and Capitol Media (another Reed outfit) pocketed at least $1.2 million from middlemen hired by an Indian tribe to protect their gaming interests in Louisiana.

Casino lobbyists Philip Thompson and Bill Grimes have said that an executive for the Coushatta tribe bragged that he was putting Reed on the gambling house's payroll. Another lobbyist said Reed helped mobilize Louisiana pastors and local evangelical media against a competing casino.

"He wanted to be able to deny it," the lobbyist told *The Nation*. "Or if it came out, he wanted to be able to claim he was against [the casino] without anybody knowing he was getting paid by a bigger tribe with a bigger gambling operation."

But Reed's cynical and hypocritical manipulation of his antigambling Christian flock shouldn't be too surprising. One of his first corporate clients was Enron. And who arranged *that* marriage? Karl Rove did in 2000, getting "Kenny Boy" Lay to write Reed's Century Strategies a check for $300,000 to coordinate Enron's energy-deregulation strategy.

Rove later called in his chit with Reed when the Bush campaign stumbled in the early primaries. Fearing Bush might lose the nomination if he fell short in South Carolina, Rove turned to Reed's firm, which unleashed a barrage of 400,000 phone calls and letters to evangelicals throughout the state, attacking John McCain for being lax on abortion and supporting gay rights.

The tactic turned the tide, and Dubya prevailed. Reed was paid nearly $4 million from the Bush campaign in 2000, a figure that he likely trumped this year.

But as the man *Time* once cynically dubbed "the right hand of God" continues his ascent within the GOP, one really must ponder just which side of divinity Reed truly represents. Clearly, the altar at which he worships is greed, the trough at which he feeds is filled with loot, and the opiate he covets most is pure power.

President Bush is fond of saying that he tries to live by the credo posed in the question, "What would Jesus do?" We think that Christ would fire Reed—and then forgive him.

But it seems the Republicans will continue to kneel before Reed in ever-greater numbers, taking communion with his dark cause and shedding the last vestiges of the party's secular past as they march on in their unholy war.

Farts in the Wind

Daniel Beck: As an official mouthpiece—make that sewer pipe—for Boeing's Integrated Defense Systems division, Beck's sulfurous breath has polluted news stories covering the company's dismal environmental record. But Beck really ripped a stinker when he attacked Michael Collins for exposing the ongoing hazardous conditions at Boeing's Rocketdyne field laboratory. Beck mocked the award-winning reporter for contributing to HUSTLER, claiming it "seems you've finally found your level." Indeed Collins has, byline to byline with other journalists seeking the truth. Meanwhile, Beck has clearly found his own level as a two-bit, smelly shill for an insidious entity that for years has endangered the population of Simi Valley, California, with radioactive waste. Daniel Beck isn't just a putrid fart, but a skidmark on corporate America's drawers.

Steve Lafflam: "Rotten eggs?" you ask. Nope, just another Boeing resident wet fart. As Rocketdyne's director for safety, health and environmental affairs, Lafflam has worked overtime spinning carcinogenic contamination as a win-win for the surrounding community. Lafflam flashed Boeing's true corporate face during public hearings when he chuckled as residents tearfully described cancers spreading in their families.

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WE'RE NO WORSE THAN THE OTHER OIL GIANTS

HUSTLER Parody. Not a real ad. At HUSTLER's press time Exxon lost another *Valdez* decision and was ordered to pay $4.5 billion, plus an additional $2.25 billion in interest. Of course, Exxon says it will appeal this latest ruling. For further info, go to: StopEsso.com. This political parody may be reproduced in written publications and on the Internet—but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind—for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of L.F.P., Inc. or HUSTLER Magazine.

Dressed for the Part

Over the past four years, Karl Rove, Dick Cheney and the rest of the neocons have been dressing up George W. Bush to make him look like the legitimately elected President of the United States. Why not properly outfit the scoundrel with this cool refrigerator-magnet dress-up doll set? To get your hands on the cutting-edge novelty, head to **DubyaDolls.com**.

Horn Dog Davis
AS EMBARRASSING AS IT WAS, I RECENTLY HAD TO GO TO THE DOCTOR WHEN I WAS HAVING PROBLEMS WITH MY FAVORITE ORGAN.
YOU GOTTA HELP ME, DOC!
IT'S HOTTER THAN A GODZILLA BLOWJOB DOWN THERE. EVERY TIME I WALK, IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNING!
. . . LIKE THE FLESH ITSELF IS MELTING OFF DAVIS JR. COULD I HAVE AN . . . STD?!
YOUR PENIS IS QUITE IRRITATED. ARE YOU SEXUALLY ACTIVE?
CONSTANTLY. I CAN'T STOP.
HOW MANY PARTNERS DO YOU HAVE?
OH, GEEZ . . .
. . . I DON'T KNOW. IT REALLY VARIES MONTH TO MONTH. I CAN'T KEEP COUNT.
WHAT ABOUT JUST THIS MONTH?
HMMM, LET'S SEE . . .
. . . ASHLEY . . . . . NIKKI . . . I THINK THERE'S TEN GIRLS IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE OF BARELY LEGAL . . .

"Never raise your hands to your kids. It leaves your groin unprotected." —*RED BUTTONS*

"I haven't spoken to my wife in years—I didn't want to interrupt her."
—*RODNEY DANGERFIELD*

COUP D'ETAT: FOUR YEARS AGO

In November 2000, "penny-loafer protesters" stormed Miami-Dade County's polling headquarters to oppose the Presidential recount, fearing that it would show Bush hadn't really won the state. These outraged citizens were later revealed to be Young Republicans flown in by higher-ups to wreak havoc. Here's the *Washington Post*'s rundown:

1. Tim Pyle: policy analyst, office of House Majority Whip Tom DeLay (R-Texas).
2. Garry Malphrus: majority chief counsel and staff director, House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice.
3. Rory Cooper: staff member, National Republican Congressional Committee.
4. Kevin Smith: former House Republican Conference analyst, recently with Voter.com.
5. Steven Brophy: former aide to Senator Fred D. Thompson (R-Tennessee), now working at the consulting firm KPMG.
6. Matt Schlapp: former chief of staff for Representative Todd Tiahrt (R-Kansas).
7. Roger Morse: aide to Representative Van Hilleary (R-Tennessee).
8. Duane Gibson: aide to Chairman Don Young (R-Alaska) of House Resources Committee.
9. Chuck Royal: legislative assistant to Representative Jim DeMint (R-South Carolina).
10. Layna McConkey: onetime legislative assistant to former Representative Jim Ross Lightfoot (R-Iowa).

Porn From the Past

Thanks and $150 go to B.H. of El Prado, New Mexico, for this well-fed woman on top. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

Writing Wrongs

Our fearless leader recently crisscrossed the country to sign copies of his new book, *Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth*. Larry always enjoys meeting his fans—he's seen here with his publicist, Kim Dower, at the HUSTLER Hollywood store—and exposing the political hypocrisy rampant in America these days. His well-researched exposé reveals inside information on Bush and Cheney's rise to power, why Dubya went after Iraq instead of al Qaeda, how the White House is fronting for corporate America and much more. The mainstream media doesn't have the balls (or the sources) to break these stories, but Mr. Flynt does. Pick up a copy of *Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth*, now on sale at bookstores nationwide.

SOFT-CORE PORN of the Month

Maybe we're just paranoid, but Planters Nut Poppers appear to have been conceived by a man-hating, ball-busting broad with an ax to grind. What's next, the castration of Mr. Peanut? If HUSTLER were to put out a product called Boob Busters, all hell would break loose from at least 100 women's groups. We won't be buying Planters' testicular-cracking nightmare, but it'll probably be a big hit with angry, short-haired feminists who can't get laid.

Stepping on Toes

Known for its culture-jamming and biting parodies, *Adbusters* is kinda like HUSTLER—without the naked babes. Besides publishing his mag, founder Kalle Lasn is marketing the Black Spot Sneaker, an athletic shoe aimed at kicking Nike CEO Phil Knight right in the ass (hence the red mark on the toe). So why is the Black Spot adorned with a white spot? Lasn says it's a marketing mind trick and a symbolic slam on Nike's familiar swoosh. In fact, *Adbusters*' honcho calls his symbol the "Unswoosher." As a final shot at Knight's infamous cost-cutting ways, the progressive footwear will be manufactured in nonsweatshop factories. At HUSTLER's press time all the major networks, except for CNN, had rejected advertising for this politically sensitive product. To preorder a pair or become a retailer, check out **BlackSpotSneaker.org**.

WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

The next time you're surfing the Web for the same ol' cheap porn, why not check out some high-class erotic art for a change? Created by David Ostrowski and Ali Khashaei, We Are Porn is an online adult art gallery that features pornographically inspired work by the founders and their like-minded colleagues. Some paintings are abstract, but there are also pieces of pop art (such as Remigius Sappa's portrait of Marilyn Monroe pictured here). To check out truly sophisticated perversion, click on **WeArePorn.com**.

Porn Stars Then and Now: GLORIA LEONARD

Besides starring in the 1976 porn classic *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, Gloria Leonard has had an amazing career. She appeared in over 50 fuck flicks, briefly turned director and was *High Society* magazine's editor for many years. Ms. Leonard also served several terms as president of the Free Speech Coalition. These days Gloria is taking it easy in Hawaii. "At this point in my life I'm not terribly connected to the adult-film industry," she reveals. "I'm involved with a small theater group that's done some Shakespeare and Christmas plays. I have a little romance going too; so I'm having a good time!" It's good to know this grand dame can still knock the boots!

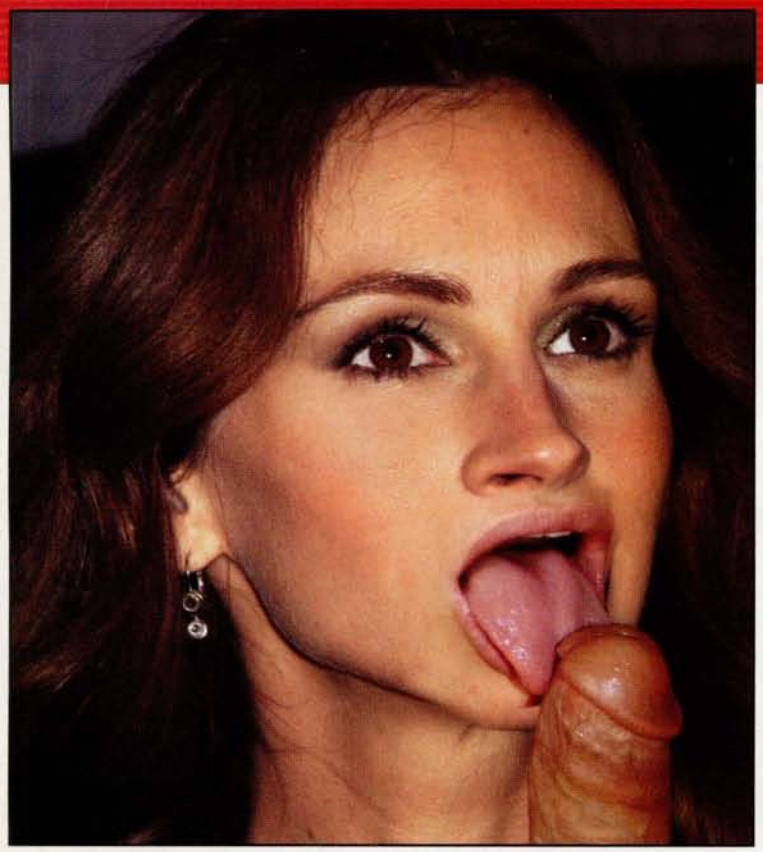
True Colors

Denise LaFrance has been painting for more than 20 years, and the Canadian's latest project is a coffee-table book with over 50 portraits of pornography's biggest legends. Seka, Larry Flynt (above center with daughter Theresa Flynt-Gaerke) and Nina Hartley are among the icons that LaFrance has captured with her amazing watercolors. The proposed tome—*The Golden Era of Porn: The Time, the People, the Life*—will also include a pullout page of John Holmes's cock. Between strokes, Denise is shopping for an appropriate publisher for this compilation; interested parties can contact the artist at **ScrufflesGone@Yahoo.ca**.

"My wife converted me to religion. I never believed in hell until I married her." —*HAL ROACH*

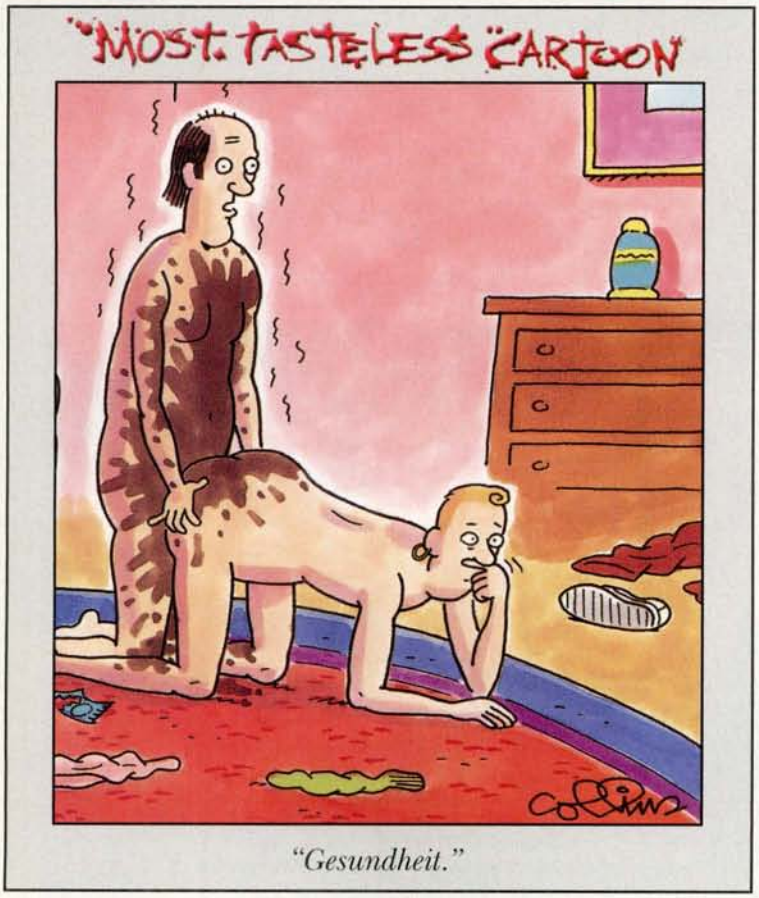
CELEBRITY FANTASY

What would Julia Roberts look like with a dick in her mouth?



For more than a decade, Julia Roberts has played enchanting characters who were always flustered about something sex-related. Sadly, her romantic comedies have always lacked one crucial element: actual sex. Even when she portrayed a prostitute in *Pretty Woman*, there was hardly any nookie, and it's rumored that a body double was used. If America's sweetheart would finally deliver a truly carnal performance, she could win us over. Whaddaya say, Julia?

Disclaimer: No such picture of Julia Roberts exists. This is a social commentary on an actress who has been a cocktease for far too long. Now we're teasing back.



"Gesundheit."

Going Underground

This Month: *The Weather Underground* DVD by Sam Green
What It Is: In case you missed this riveting documentary when it was in theaters, here's your chance to catch a comprehensive chronicle of the infamous Weathermen: a group of idealistic college students who started off as peaceful protesters against the Vietnam War and slowly morphed into full-scale revolutionaries.
Why We Care: The flick includes footage of the turbulent '60s and interviews with the once-notorious members, who try to rationalize their violent activities. In a particularly sobering moment ex-Weatherman Mark Rudd sums up the frustration felt by the activists back then (and that many still feel today): "When you know the truth, then what do you do with it?"
Buzz: Even if you saw the theatrical release of this Oscar-nominated film, you don't want to miss the DVD version, which includes additional footage and a commentary by director Sam Green and former fugitives.
How to Get It: *The Weather Underground* is available at video stores and can also be ordered online at **NewVideo.com**.
Bottom Line: A radical history lesson.

"Marriage is like a violin. After the beautiful music is over, the strings are still attached." —JACOB BRAUDE

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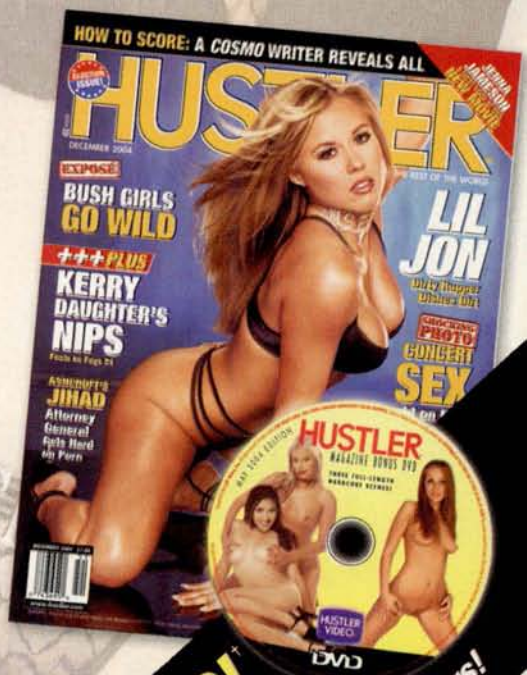

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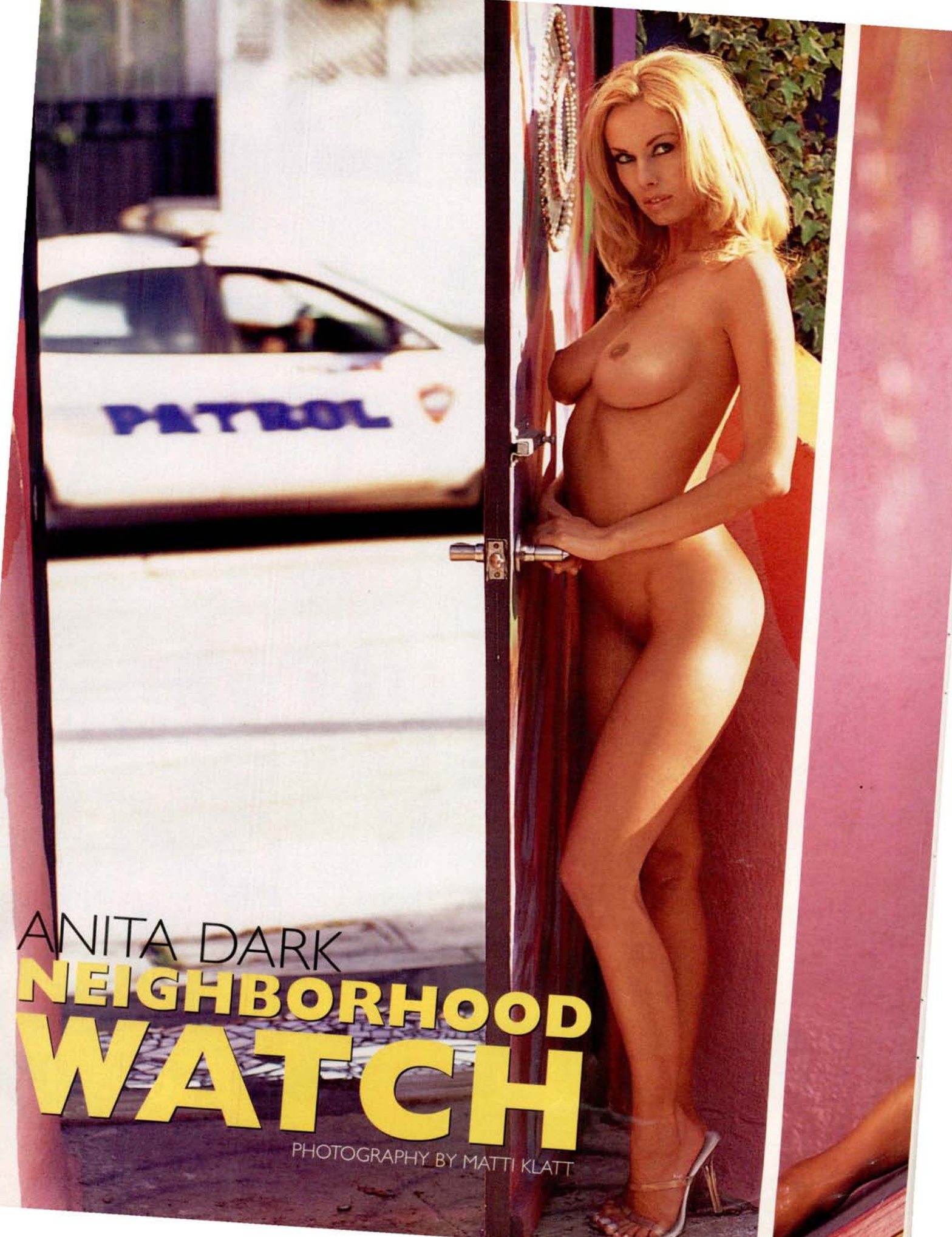


ANITA DARK

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

"While I was growing up in Budapest, my mother didn't let me do anything," Anita reminisces. "So when I turned 18, I started to do *everything!*" And much of it in front of a camera. Soon after becoming barely legal, the shapely Hungarian embarked on a XXX-movie career that took her to Italy, France and the United States.

In 2001, having had enough of her homeland's harsh winters, the Euro-babe moved to balmy Boca Raton, Florida. Although the luscious immigrant broke some fans' hearts by no longer doing boy/girl scenes, she continues to bang chicks on the blue screen. "Girls are very soft and gentle," the arousing Aries purrs.

"The last time, I got to perform with Hungarian lovelies; it was great!" Surprisingly, even after a decade in the adult biz, the fervent exhibitionist has a conservative streak. "I don't talk dirty," Anita confides, "and I feel embarrassed if someone else does it." A shy porn star? What's next, an honest Republican?

Anita Dark's snatch gets soaking wet in *Hot Showers #13* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERHollywood.com.

My Wife Is a Lesbian!

The best sex of my life? The night I came home from a guys night out only to discover that it was girls night in. As I opened the back door and stepped into the kitchen, I could already hear the moaning. When I climbed the stairs, I saw Mia—my new wife!—in bed, her tight ass high in the air, with her best friend Ally lapping her rosebud. I pulled back before they could see me.

Fuck! That was a surprise. I guess I really hadn't known Mia for all that long—six months is all. And come to think of it, I was always catching her looking at girls. At first I just thought it was some friendly female-competition thing. Now I could see otherwise.

To tell you the truth, catching them like that, spying on them, was turning me on. My body knew exactly what to think about it. My cock immediately grew diamond-hard, pulsing against my zipper. Carefully I leaned forward to peek through the crack in the door.

They'd changed positions. Mia's long, lithe body was now arching up off the mattress, her legs wrapped around her friend's neck. Dammit, I couldn't see my wife's snatch very well, hidden as it was by her lover's head. If I inched forward a tad more, I could make out the other woman's tongue dicking between Mia's pink labes.

Talk about hot! In seconds I was fisting my throbber. I'd had no idea what a thrill it would be just to watch. Ally's raven hair and pale curves looked striking against my beautiful wife's golden curls and surfer-girl body—exciting.

Moaning and screaming "Fuck!," Mia came till her pussy juice was dripping down Ally's cheeks. Wow! Pushing my pants down to my knees, I started fisting a little faster. My other hand got busy squeezing my nut sac.

The girls were kissing now, and my wife was licking her own love jizz from Ally's face. Next they began idly fingering the other's slick cunt, tracing the pink folds, rubbing clits. Soon it wasn't so idly anymore. They were adding fingers. Their kisses grew hungrier.

Moving a finger to my asshole, I rimmed as I jacked. Meanwhile Mia pulled a strap-on out from under a pillow. And then I was spraying the door frame. It was impossible not to make noise. Fact is, as I was coming, I fell into the room, my pants still tangled around my knees.

Mia's reaction? She asked if I wanted to fuck her best friend! Apparently they'd planned this whole thing! Ally nodded at me, smiling. Now how many wives offer their husbands a little extra pussy? Incredibly tight, athletic pussy, as it turned out.

Giving me a loving kiss, Mia spread her buddy's twat flaps with her fingers and then guided my crown into hot kitty. Of course, my wife wasn't about to be left out. I was fucking Ally doggy-style—long, smooth, deep lunges—when Mia buckled the strap-on around Ally's hips. Moving in front of her friend, my luscious newly-wed backed onto that fat purple phallus. Suddenly we were all fucking.

Ally jammed into my wife. I slammed into Ally. It didn't take us but two strokes to establish a rhythm. Tight cunt muscles squeezed my log on every in stroke, held on to my poker on every out stroke. My balls were smacking against Ally's snizz by the time my spunk pulsed into her quim.

I was the first one to come. So I got to watch the two girls keep at it. Soon their bodies were trembling together. As the nymphos moaned and kissed and came, I was getting my third boner. Unbelievable!

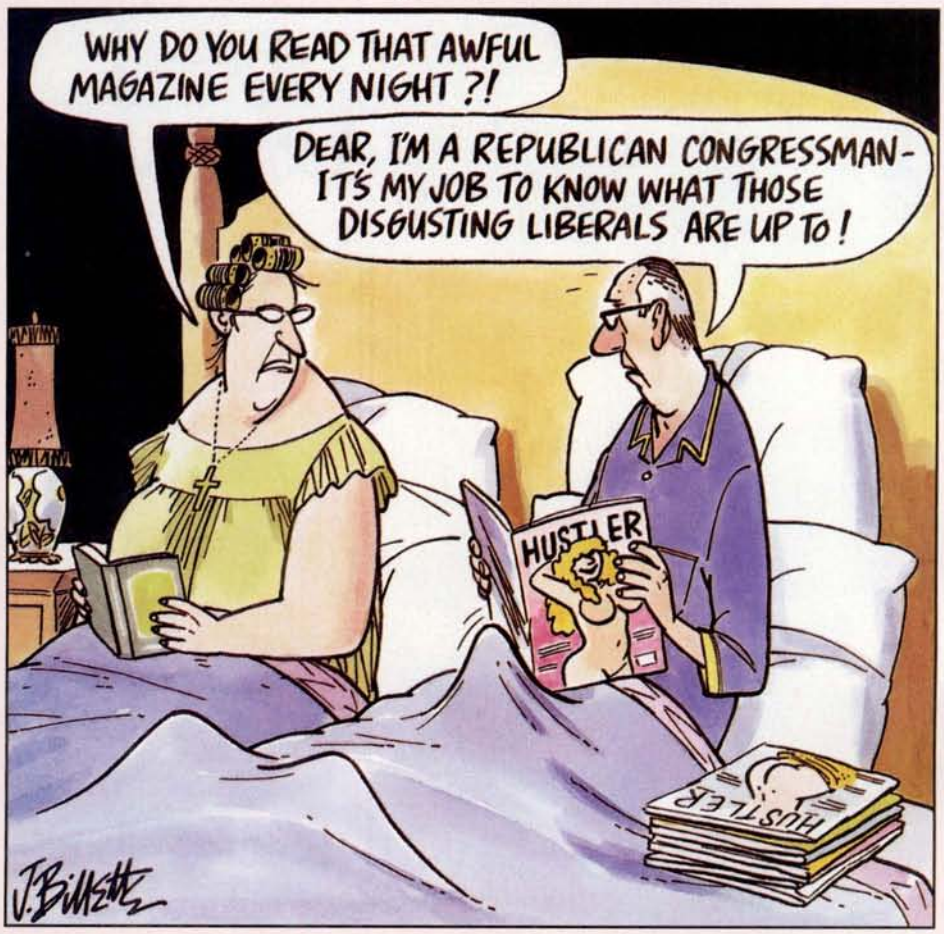
What an awesome experience! But to tell you the truth—and I know this sounds strange—I think my favorite part was watching. I've never come so hard!

Now knowing how much of a voyeur she married, my horny wife arranges private peep shows for me. Days or weeks or even months will go by without incident. But then I'll come home one night to find Mia with one of her gal pals.

My favorite is Rene, because she likes it a little kinky. Rene ties my better half to the bed with stockings and tickles her with a feather. On those nights I'm thoughtfully left a feather in the hallway. I tease and tickle my wedding tackle while I spy on my wife. Can you see why I love this girl?

-D.B.

Iowa City, Iowa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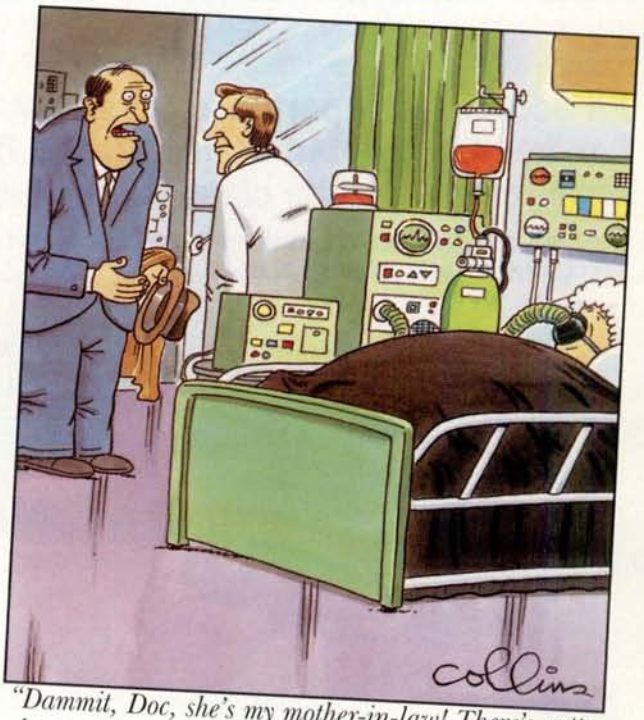
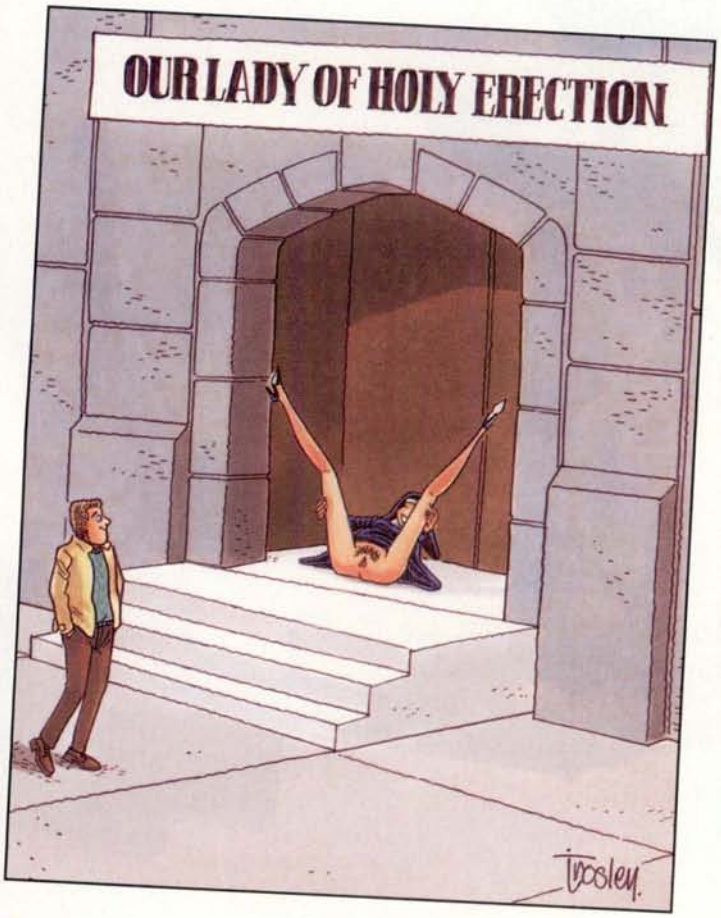
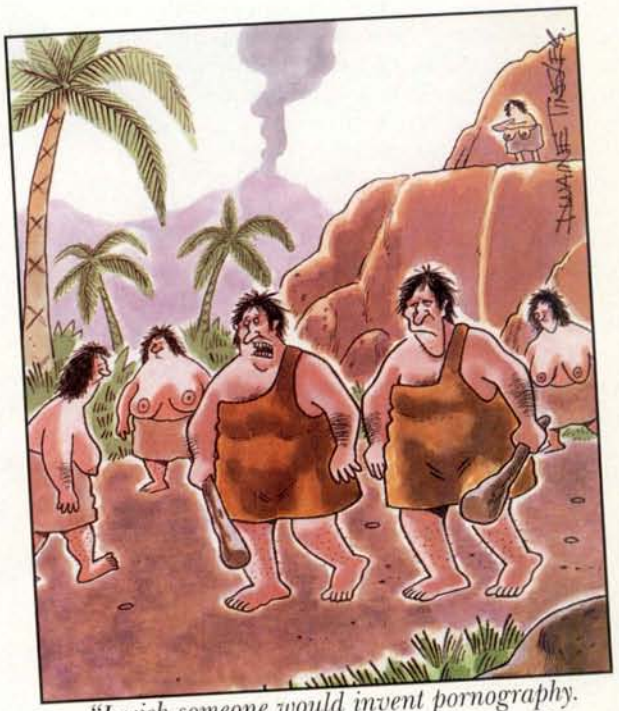
"Run along; run along! I have people trying to eat in here."



"Dammit, Doc, she's my mother-in-law! There's gotta be something you can do to prolong her suffering!"





"I wish someone would invent pornography. I need some hot chicks to whack off to!"

DAVID CAY JOHNSTON

PERFECTLY LEGAL

An acclaimed reporter exposes how America's tax system has been corrupted to benefit the filthy rich—and squeeze the middle class into poverty.

★INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND DAN KAPELOVITZ
★ILLUSTRATION BY MIRKO ILIC

Pulitzer Prize-winner David Cay Johnston, who began his career with the *San Jose Mercury News* in 1968, currently writes for the *New York Times*. When the veteran journalist was with the *Los Angeles Times*, he dug deep into cults, charities and the beleaguered LAPD, and later he investigated the casino industry for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Among his accomplishments, Mr. Johnston is the only reporter in the United States who's ever caused a TV station to lose its license (by exposing the outlet's manipulation of the news). After years scrutinizing corporations and the Internal Revenue System, he has written an incisive book. Recently published, *Perfectly Legal* details America's tax structure and how it's rigged to benefit the superrich. In the following Q&A the author concentrates on a number of key points.

HUSTLER: When did you start focusing on taxes?

DAVID CAY JOHNSTON: Nine years ago I set out to show that there was a better way to write about taxes, by examining what the government does and what the result of the politicians' actions is, as opposed to what the politicians say they're doing.

Give us an example.

There has been a constant drumbeat under both parties now, for years, that they are enacting laws that are reducing taxes for families and for the middle class. The government's data show some-

thing quite different. They show that the tax burden on most Americans has been rising, but not for the very superrich, the top 1/100th of 1%. That's about 28,000 people today.

Their tax burden has been falling. Within that group, the top 400 taxpayers have had a tremendous fall in their tax burden. In 1993 they paid 30 cents out of each dollar of their income of federal income taxes. By the end of the Clinton Administration in 2000 they were only paying 22 cents. With the Bush tax cuts they're now paying about 18 cents. Their income is so huge that, on average, every five days they make as much money as the average American makes in a lifetime. Every five days they make $2 million.

Do the increased taxes for the middle and lower classes make up the difference, in terms of the federal budget?

Well, there are three ways that it gets addressed. One is there are higher taxes being paid by you and me so that this narrow group at the top can pay less. So we're paying part of it in higher tax. We're paying part of it in fewer government services. Second, there have been all sorts of cuts being made by the federal government in services at every level of every kind—whether it's financing the FBI or education or scientific research. The third area is debt. The recent check that people got in the mail for a couple of hundred dollars from the federal government—financed by going out and borrowing about $1,000, then saying to people, "We're gonna borrow $1,000 and send you a check for $300." The debt was added so that, forever, we'll have to pay interest on it.

Many high-income Americans and corporations cheat and never pay tax.

One of the most important things that have happened in America is a complete collapse of law enforcement against the highest-income Americans. Back in the '80s, if you were a high-income American, you had a 1-in-9 chance of being audited; so we had a lot of compliance. Now their odds of being audited are in the neighborhood of 1 in 400. All sorts of very sophisticated devices are being sold by the big accounting and legal firms to hide what they're doing so that the government doesn't see their real income.

Paul O'Neill, the first Treasury Secretary in the Bush Administration, told Congress in 2001 that tax-cheating among the highest-income Americans was widespread and would continue to grow in the years ahead. Congress has cut in half, at [least], the amount of money available to pursue tax cheats. In my book I name two billionaires, Alec and Jocelyn Wildenstein, who have admitted under oath that for 30 years they never filed a tax return. Nothing's happened to them.

On the other hand, Congress, since 1995, has given the IRS a special fund each year to audit the working poor. If you have a couple of kids and make $10,000 a year [or more], your odds of being audited are eight times those of the wealthy. If you're a millionaire investor in a partnership, and you are caught cheating by the IRS, there's a 78% chance you will not even be asked to pay the money that you owe. Never mind interest and penalties and everything else.

How is that justified?

It's rationalized by the leadership in Congress by simply ignoring what it's been told by current and former IRS commissioners and by its own board of business leaders that Congress created to supervise and monitor the IRS. They've all said the same thing: The IRS is radically understaffed, and tax-cheating is spreading. If you believe, as a number of the top strategists advising members of Congress do, that the way to get rid of all programs that they consider socialistic is to destroy the tax system, then this is a very smart strategy.

There is a movement out there, not just to get rid of Social Security and Medicare, but to get rid of *all* welfare programs and to get rid of public education on the grounds that that's a socialist idea. If you want to have your children educated, you should pay for it. If not, then your children can grow up ignorant.

You write about whistleblowers in the IRS who lost their jobs for trying to expose all of this.

Several IRS people are unsung heroes who found either tax-cheating by wealthy individuals and big corporations, or they were trying to make wealthy people who owed back taxes pay up. For every one of them it ended their career.

Peter Coons was the chief tax collector in northern California for the IRS; 30-year career; sterling personnel record. He tells his 400 subordinates, "We're going to go after both Joe Six-Pack and Joe Got-Rocks the same way." Almost immediately he finds himself in his boss's office and told to lay off two wealthy families and a company that he's out trying to collect taxes from because these people have political influence.

When the guy wouldn't back off, they concocted this claim that he had been improperly using his computer at work. They found three cookies on his computer indicating he had been to a pornographic Web site. Anybody who has opened e-mail knows you can have a cookie on your computer totally passively as spam.

Coons was ultimately fired. Of course, the purpose was to send a message. You don't mess with politically connected rich people, especially when their representatives are going to be hiring senior IRS people to go to work for them.

The IRS is also told not to go after the wealthy, because they bankroll politicians.

That's exactly right. Members of Congress are incredibly dependent on a narrow group of people I call the Political Donor Class. Not every- *(continued on following page)*

GUESS WHO'S PAYING FOR THAT TAX CUT?

Since 1983 Americans have paid about $2 trillion more into Social Security than they've received in benefits. That money is supposed to be used to finance benefits for people years in the future. What it's been used for is to finance tax cuts for the superrich. So if you make $50,000 a year, the government is taking from you about $2,000 more in Social Security taxes.

Remember, the amount taken from your check is matched by your employer. The government is using that money so rich people can pay lower taxes. Now in the future, those rich people are going to have to pay higher taxes to pay back the money in what's called the Social Security Trust Fund. But if the current tax cuts are made permanent, then they won't, and you won't get your benefits, and you'll simply have had all this money taken from you and turned over to the superrich.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said in 1983 that the change in Social Security, which Alan Greenspan [chairman of the Federal Reserve Board] recommended and which Congress adopted, would turn out to be the biggest thievery in history. That it was simply a scheme to take money out of the pockets of the middle class and put it into the pockets of the superrich. Mr. Greenspan recently told Congress two things a week apart: He said you have to make the Bush tax cuts for the superrich permanent, and then he said people are not going to get the full Social Security benefits they're expecting, which is exactly what Moynihan warned about.

You paid extra money into the Social Security Trust Fund so you would get benefits in the future, but the money isn't sitting there in a pile of greenbacks. The cash was used to finance lower taxes for the superrich. So you got a tax increase; they got a tax cut. If you make $50,000, wouldn't you like to have about $40 a week more in your pocket?

—Robert Cay Johnston

body in the Political Donor Class is rabidly antitax, but a large number of people in that group are. Because Congress depends on these people, they have captured the attention of Congress.

Two days after 9/11, Congress came back into session. The Republican leadership had ten bills they introduced to address what Osama bin Laden had done. One of them was a tax bill. What did it do for the firefighters and the police officers who died in the Twin Towers, and for the flight attendants on those airplanes, and for the Army sergeants sitting at their Pentagon desks? It gave them exemption from the estate tax. Of course, none of those people pay estate taxes.

At the time of 9/11 a married couple was exempt on the first $2 million of wealth, and now it's $3 million. Only about 1% of Americans who die pay estate taxes. [Congress] didn't offer a free college education for every child whose mother or father or both parents were killed, or an exemption from income tax. They said, "We're going to exempt you from the estate tax." Because that's how members of Congress are thinking. They're thinking about the concerns of the superrich.

Bush kept saying that the estate tax would make farmers lose their farms; yet you write that he couldn't pinpoint one farm that had been lost due to the estate tax.

When President Bush was running for office, he said to save the family farm we must kill the death tax. Well, there is no death tax; there's the estate tax.

I asked the White House to put me in touch with families who had lost the farm because of the estate tax. They didn't call back. I went to the American Farm Bureau; they didn't call back. I called and called for weeks. Finally I got on a plane and went out to the wealthiest counties in Iowa.

I spent a week going around talking to farmers. They literally laughed at the idea that any farmer loses his farm to the estate tax. The average farm in Iowa's net worth is only $1.2 million. At the time I wrote the story, the basic exemption for a married couple who owned a farm was $1.4 million, and there were some special add-ons for farmers that could push it as high as $4 million. The only farmers who pay estate taxes are people like George W. Bush and Ted Turner—not working farmers, but gentlemen farmers.

Speaking of George W. Bush, he must have benefited from his tax cuts.

The President has saved tens of thousands of dollars each year.

It's outrageous that he benefits from tax cuts in that way. It would seem to be a conflict of interest.

The tax system in America is not what people think it is. Tom DeLay, the Texas Congressman who is the majority whip in the House, says that the income tax is a socialist redistribution system. In *Perfectly Legal* I say that he's right except for one thing: He thinks it benefits the indolent poor. It doesn't. It's like all socialist redistribution systems: It funnels money upward to the people who are in power.

Can you talk a bit about how corporations evade paying taxes by opening an account offshore?

American law allows companies that don't want to pay income taxes anymore on their profits to rent a mailbox in another country—Bermuda is the preferred country—and declare that to be their headquarters. Under Bermuda law they pay the government of Bermuda $27,000 a year, and then they stop paying taxes in the U.S.

How many billions of dollars does the government lose from this?

That device probably costs the government about $6 billion. More than 60% of U.S. companies paid no income taxes for the five years from 1996 to 2000—the richest years in the history of the country.

Under our current tax rules, if you're the CEO of a big company, you should be eliminating every single job you can in America and moving it offshore because the tax system is rewarding you for doing that; and if you're not doing it under the current rules, you're an idiot.

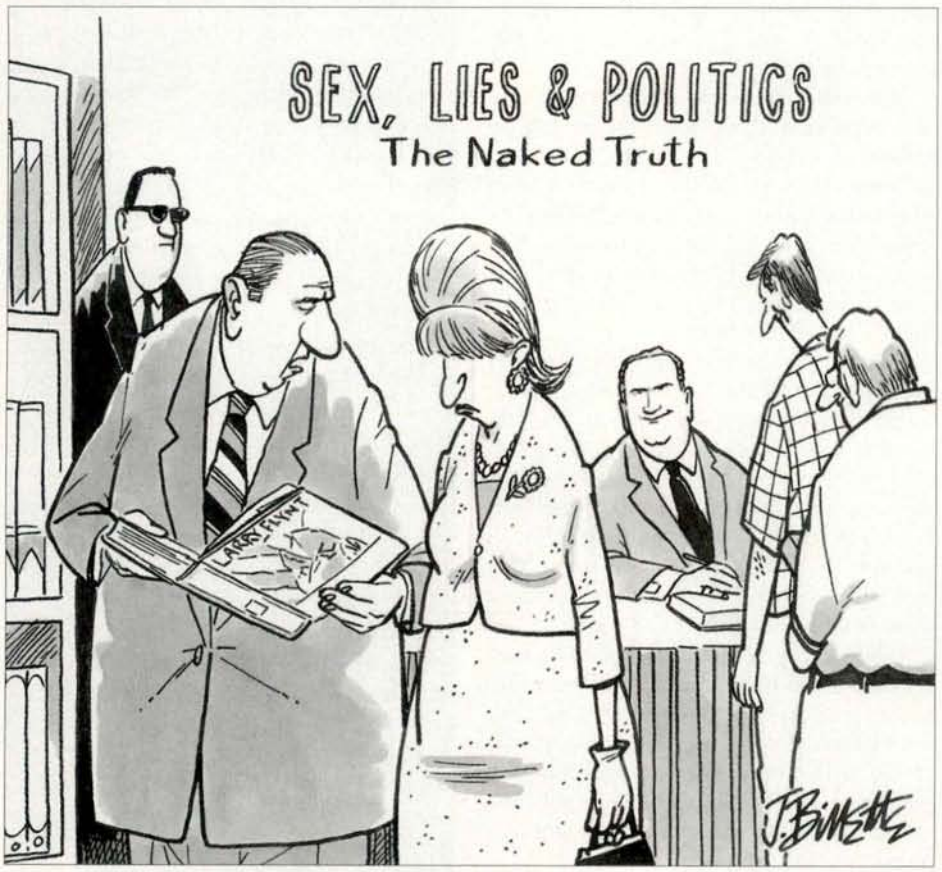
The problem is the rules. We shouldn't have a set of rules that says destroy jobs in America and create jobs in India. Our current tax system has turned into a huge foreign-aid program that is busy creating middle-class jobs in China, India, Thailand and a lot of other countries.

How about earning power for the middle and lower classes in the U.S.?

America is the only country in the world that is pursuing a lower-wage strategy. A 25-year-old male today makes, adjusted for inflation, about two dollars-an-hour less than a 25-year-old male did 30 years ago. There *is* one job where policy has been to pay the highest-possible wage, and that's Chief Executive Officer because corporate executives have rigged the market.

CEOs sit on the compensation committees of company boards, and they set the pay for other CEOs. Many times the other members of the compensation committees have consulting contracts or outside business contracts in which they're making money from the company. It is an absolutely corrupt system.

On top of that, the amount of money that you read that CEOs are paid in the newspapers is below their actual pay. Typi-



"Flynt signed his book, 'Best wishes, tightass.' How could he tell I'm a Republican?"

cally they make significantly more because of a special tax law that only applies to senior executives and a few other people. It essentially inflates their pay by as much as 35% above what you read about.

Are the corporations so blasé that they don't care about the impoverishment of the American people and the destruction of the U.S. as a world power?

If I'm the head of a big corporation, it's not my job to worry about society; it's to worry about my company. That's why you have rules, to make sure that the rules benefit the country. As for members of Congress, most of them do not understand what they are doing. They believe the rhetoric that they're speaking.

So what are the net results?

Instead of creating a society where more and more Americans are prosperous and have economic security, we are creating a society with more and more economic risk, with more and more bankruptcies, with fewer and fewer good jobs, and with a narrowing group of people who have incredible off-the-wall incomes.

Will we become a two-tiered society with the superrich and the super-poor?

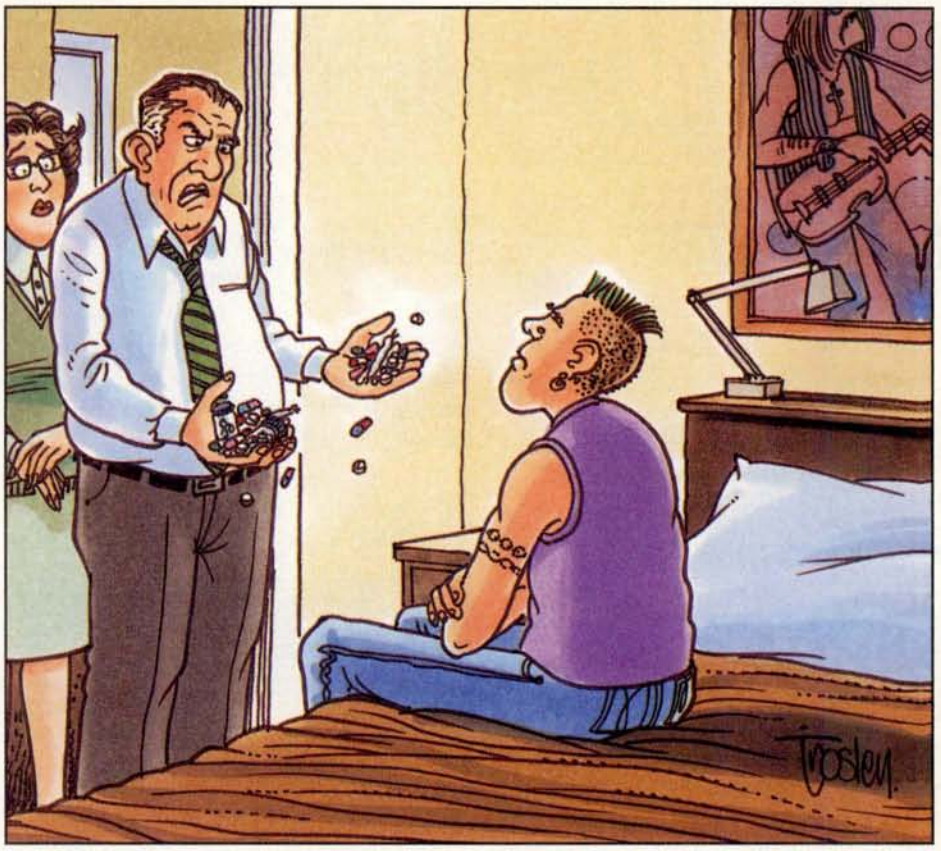
I actually think it could be much worse than that. I'm concerned that this will continue along until it gets so bad that we end up with a violent response to this. I don't want there to ever be a high-school textbook, whether it's next year or a thousand years from now, with a chapter that begins with the words, "The United States of America was...."

You consider open revolt to be a real possibility?

Throughout history, when the leadership and government of a country—whether it's a democracy, or it has a king—does not provide for the general welfare of the people, you get social disruption, violence and often revolution. Imagine if we had rules in this country that said that one person will own 99% of the wealth, and the rest of us will have to get along with 1%. Do you have any doubt but that we would all rise up and kill the guy?

That's what we're heading toward?

That's right. We are far more stratified than the Europeans, the Japanese and the Canadians. They don't have slums in Western Europe, Japan and Canada. They don't have all the violence in the streets that we have. They don't have people who work and play by the rules their whole lives, and then suddenly, when they're 50, get tossed out and end up with nothing. They have set-up rules in their society that say, "We're not going to treat people that way, because it's *our* society."



"Your mother found these drugs in your jacket. Who do you think you are? A professional athlete?!"

"Four years ago I said I wanted you to be President. Now I want you to be an ex-President, defeated and shunned for making boneheaded, unplanned, world-destroying decisions!"

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> **"No actresses like other chat lines."**

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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(continued from page 11) need to be straightened out.

Now that HUSTLER is opening gentlemen's clubs around the country, I'd like to see one near my hometown. If you need an 81-year-old bouncer, I'm available!

My main reason for writing is to express my annoyance with the press. Every time George H.W. Bush skydives on his birthday, my local paper runs a story. What bothers me is that there's never mention of the two men killed when Bush jumped out of a plane during World War II.

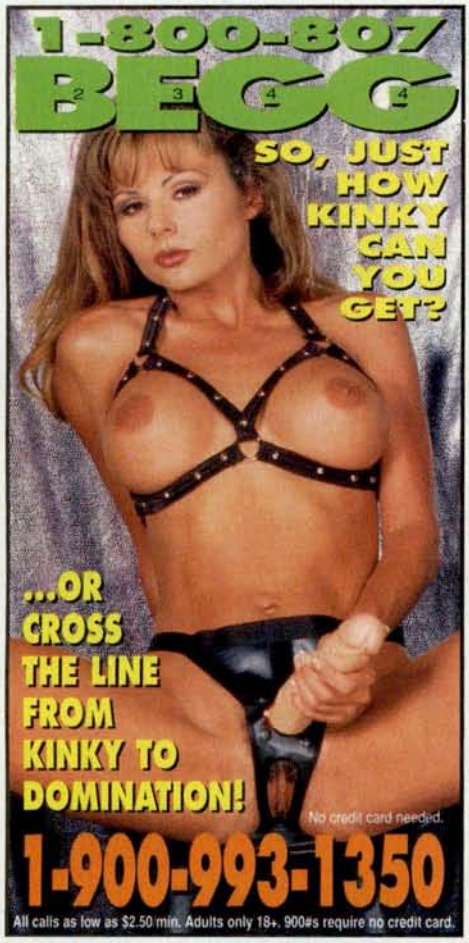
I wrote to our local newspaper about this, but it ignored me. ABC, NBC and CBS are just as bad. I believe that these men might still be alive today if Bush Senior hadn't been such a coward. Why doesn't he or the media have the decency to honor their names? —E.M.

Port Orange, Florida

We don't have a gentlemen's club down in South Florida—yet—but a HUSTLER store recently opened in Fort Lauderdale.

As for the second part of E.M.'s letter, he is referring to the controversy regarding then-Lieutenant Junior Grade George Bush when his torpedo-bomber was shot down over the Pacific. Just prior to the 1988 Presidential election the tail-gunner in a plane 100 feet ahead of Bush's disputed the candidate's statements regarding the extent of damage to his aircraft. The veteran suggested that Bush might have been able to save his crewmen had he attempted a water landing instead of bailing out. Pilot Bush claims to have radioed them, but received no response.

We'll mention the names of the two brave souls who perished that day in 1944: Radioman Second Class John Delaney and gunner Lieutenant (jg) William White. It's not known who was killed when his parachute failed to deploy, and who went down with the plane.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Blow It Out Your Ass

Ever since the beginning of puberty I've had a thing for female cake-farting. My ultimate fantasy is to watch Pamela Anderson and Jenna Jameson with a birthday cake on a table. Standing a few inches away on opposite sides, Pamela and Jenna hike down their pants, turn their bare butts at the target and then simultaneously "beat the drum." Besides trying to blow out the candles, the babes compete in such flatulence categories as smell, rancor, loudness and duration. I also imagine them releasing their intestinal methane gas until the whole room becomes unbearable.

When Jenna's first rancid discharge catches fire, she says with a grin, "I've always been into lighting farts." Pamela's retort is a resounding 11-second rip that blows out every candle. Finally, resigned to defeat, the frustrated Jenna squeezes out a foot-long turd on top of the cake. —J.N.

Address Withheld

Had no-names been part of J.N.'s bizarre fantasy, a "You're shitting us, right?" certainly would have sufficed. Instead, we'll apologize to Pamela and Jenna.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@ lfp.com. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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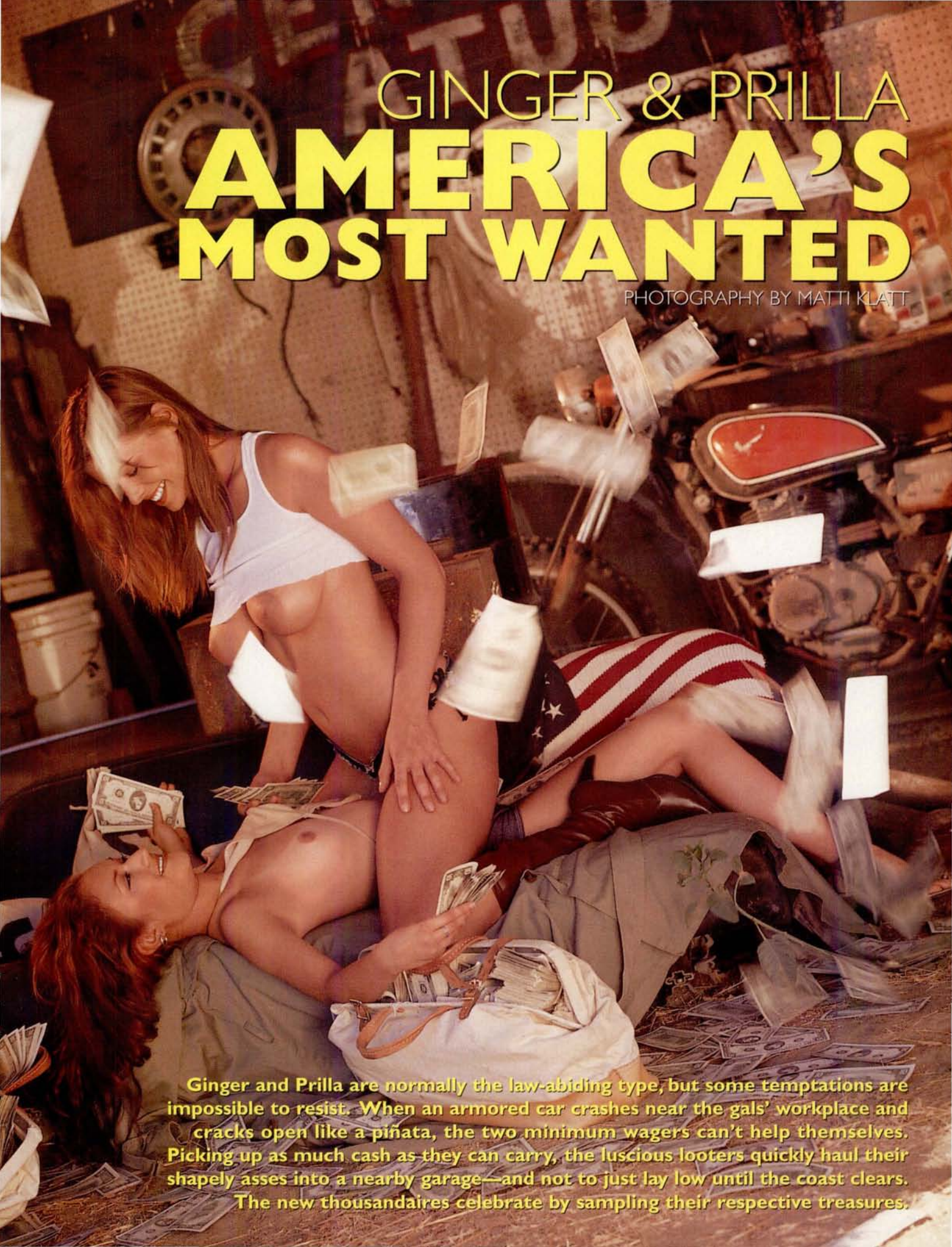

GINGER & PRILLA
AMERICA'S MOST WANTED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Ginger and Prilla are normally the law-abiding type, but some temptations are impossible to resist. When an armored car crashes near the gals' workplace and cracks open like a piñata, the two minimum wagers can't help themselves. Picking up as much cash as they can carry, the luscious looters quickly haul their shapely asses into a nearby garage—and not to just lay low until the coast clears. The new thousandaires celebrate by sampling their respective treasures.

Virtually swimming in moolah, Prilla uses her tongue to pry open her cohort's safe-deposit box, while Ginger gives her partner-in-crime a priceless probing.

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When last heard from, the grand-thefters were still on the run and totally out of control.

LAST YEAR OF THE WU-TANG CLAN

From left: Raekwon, Ghostface and Cappadonna take a break from their projects—Rae's Ice Water Inc., and Ghost and Cap's Theodore Unit—to meet some honeys.

Even with millions pouring in and a party life that never stops, Wu-Tang Clan know when to close the book.

★ HANS FEUERSINGER REPORTS

November 1993 saw a rap group explode from the grimy stairwells of Staten Island in a stunning display of gritty poetry that blended numerology and Islam with such gangsta staples as blunts and malt liquor. Comprising nine underground MCs, they called themselves Wu-Tang Clan. They were the real deal—young voices rhyming about true "thug life" in the streets. When their debut album *Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)* hit store shelves that month, the opening salvo had been fired, a critically acclaimed and commercially successful onslaught that stoked the rebirth of hip-hop.

Since each member has launched a vibrant solo career (with the resulting cadre of managers and schedules), the crew rarely find time to come together as a group these days. But it happened last July at a reunion concert staged during a hip-hop festival in Southern California—the first time in a decade that all ten of the Wu had assembled on the West Coast. Since the Clan spits nasty rhymes about hot 'n' horny sluts, HUSTLER thought it was a safe bet that they'd want to hang with some of Larry Flynt's delectable honeys.

Flash back to 1990; before the girls and the cars, before the Grammys and the *Billboard* charts, before the MTV Video Awards and the platinum records, before the weapons charges and the prison time. Before all of the Wu-Tang Clan's ups-and-downs there was just Gary Grice, Robert Diggs and Russell Jones—three cousins with a shared vision.

Calling themselves All in Together Now, the trio was trying hard as hell to break into the rap game. Separately, Grice rhymed as the Genius (recording an album on the Cold Chillin' label), Diggs as Prince Rakeem (he released a Tommy Boy EP in '91) and Jones as Unique Ason. They gained some local notoriety, but the group needed a new angle.

"I remember me and Dirty had an article in the papers," Grice tells me in a West Hollywood hotel room that's strikingly bare. He's dressed in loose sportswear. The lights are out, the TV is on, and an authentic Louis Vuitton suitcase rests in a corner. "I think that was in '85; we didn't even have a deal. Before we put the Wu-Tang thing out, we had previous deals with other labels. So we had to castle after that. We didn't see what we see now, but we had a little insight to what it would lead up to."

Castling, a chess stratagem that defends the king, was a way for Wu-Tang to stay alert in a dangerously corrupt industry; thus, the group's philosophy is based on self-defense. Its unique moniker is derived from ancient Chinese folklore's mythical Wu-Tang sword, supposedly held in secret by a deadly pack of warriors. Prominently featured in '70s martial-arts movies—a genre popular with the rappers since adolescence—the monks of the Wu-Tang Clan practiced an invincible form of kung fu.

Not surprisingly, dialogue, character references and storylines from such flicks as *Five Deadly Venoms* and *Shaolin vs. Wu-Tang* made their way onto the fledgling group's demo tracks. Whether they'd planned it or not, the parallels between modern-day urban street life in America and the age-old challenges demanded by kung fu became evident.

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

METHOD MAN

Aliases: The Ticallian Stallion/Mef/Johnny Blaze

Wu-Fact: Method stars with his partner-in-crime Redman in their own Fox sitcom, *Method & Red*. Reportedly, the rambunctious rap star drove a golf cart into executive producer Kell Cahoon's Porsche.

OL' DIRTY BASTARD

Aliases: Unique Ason/Dirt McGirt/ Big Baby Jesus

Wu-Fact: Dirt has been shot in the stomach, robbed, arrested countless times and reputedly fathered more than a dozen illegitimate children. Despite his notoriety, he recently signed with Damon Dash's Roc-A-Fella Records.

Miraculously, this mythical legend was the struggling artists' ticket into the mainstream.

With a concept established, Grice and Diggs created new noms de plume by replicating the sound of their given names being scratched on a turntable. In short order they came up with GZA and RZA (pronounced *jizza* and *rizza*), while Unique Ason became Ol' Dirty Bastard (ODB). Natural choices to round out the group were six other MCs who had worked with the original trio. Wu-Tang Clan was officially formed in 1992, and RZA quickly used his connections as a producer to generate interest in the new clique.

Wu-Tang Clan's martial arts-inspired sound was unlike anything anyone had heard, and their street names alone indicated that they meant business. Aside from GZA, RZA and ODB, there were Ghostface Killah, Inspectah Deck, Masta Killa, Method Man, Raekwon, U-God and Cappadonna (eventually recognized as the "tenth member").

"U-God gave me my name one day when I came home from jail," Inspectah Deck tells me while rolling bright-green ganja into a cigar shell backstage prior to the reunion concert. "Inspectah 'cause I'm the laid-back cat. I was locked up—did some time up north, state time 'n' shit. I came home as an analyzer. When you in jail, you learn to keep your fuckin' mouth shut. Be really observant."

It's about an hour until showtime, and Deck is wearing a blue football jersey with a Du-Rag on his head and a white towel around his neck. "Inspectah was just my character," he continues. "This shit wasn't put together; it formed itself. Me, Raekwon, Method Man, U-God, Cappadonna—we all from the same hood. RZA, Dirty and GZA—they family. GZA and Dirty used to come over from Brooklyn. [RZA] had the connection between all of us. We used to get it crackin' on RZA's balcony. His moms used to kick us outa the house."

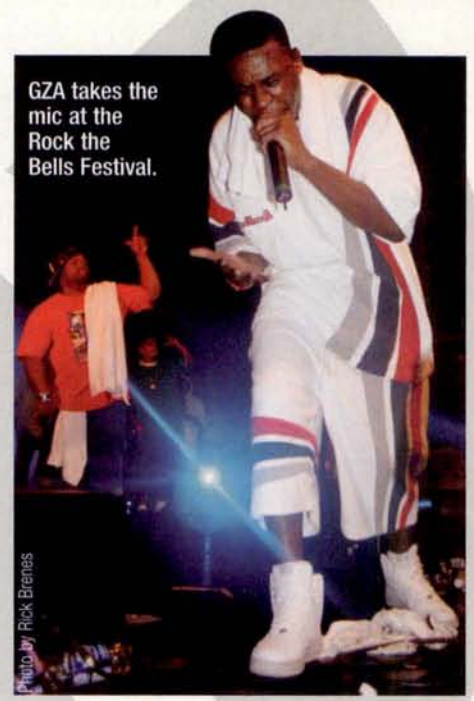
The new group's determination and street cred projected an air of pure New York City thug. A year after putting together a demo tape, they released their debut album, which has sold roughly 2 million copies. They've definitely come a long way since RZA's balcony. With around 10 million in Wu-Tang album sales (at least 30 million worldwide counting individual members' releases), the supergroup as a whole is at a pivotal juncture in their career—the end. As solo projects continue to proliferate, the Clan has hinted that their next album will be the very last. But the bawdy band's imprint on hip-hop and urban culture is indelible, from the language to the gear.

"We didn't wanna become MCs," GZA recalls, looking at the L.A. skyline from his eighth-floor hotel window back in West Hollywood. "We were born MCs. Because we were doing it from so young. We was fortunate enough to make a living out of it. But a lot of others out there is tryin'. You gotta be equipped, man."

Part of being equipped in the rap game is knowing what to wear. Wu-Tang cashed in on the fashionably conscious gangstas with their personal Wu-Wear clothing line, introduced in 1995. Today groups like G-Unit and OutKast have followed suit. "We want the shit to be a brand name," Deck says. "When you see that *W*, you know that's official."

And apparently profitable. "We worth money," U-God mutters to me outside the San Bernardino Hilton before the reunion gig. It's over a hundred degrees, and yet he's unbelievably wound up. "As a whole we worth a lotta paper. We get a hundred-fifty [thousand] a show.... So you know we worth money, man."

Deep pockets soon led to money-hungry hood rats looking for a different kind of payday. Naturally, they've embraced the promiscuous rap lifestyle, and Wu-Tang often detail graphic sex through addictive, head-nodding beats. "You goddamn right, we fuck fans!" Ghostface yells on his album. Judging from the number of juicy stories the members dish out, the Wu-Tang's pussy-inspired lyrics are more from memory than imagination.



GZA takes the mic at the Rock the Bells Festival.

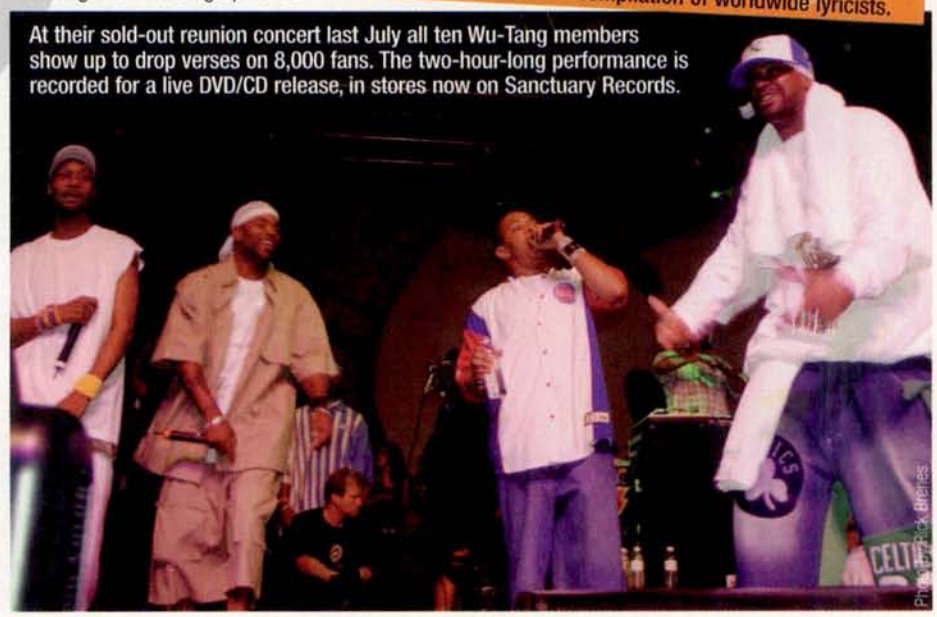
Photo by Rick Bferes

"You get ménages à trois," Inspectah Deck recalls before the show. "If you can get your pimp on, you can make a chick do what you want her to do. I done seen some crazy shit. I remember a chick that followed the tour bus for at least three states because

RZA

Aliases: Bobby Digital/Rzarecta/ Prince Rakeem

Wu-Fact: RZA composed the musical scores for the films *Blade: Trinity* and Quentin Tarantino's *Kill Bill Vol. 1*. In 2003 he produced *The World According to RZA*, a multilingual compilation of worldwide lyricists.



At their sold-out reunion concert last July all ten Wu-Tang members show up to drop verses on 8,000 fans. The two-hour-long performance is recorded for a live DVD/CD release, in stores now on Sanctuary Records.

Photo by Rick Bferes

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RAEKWON

Aliases: The Chef/Lex Diamonds/Shallah Raekwon
Wu-Fact: Rae's obsession with the Wallabee-style shoe made by Clarks stems from his Jamaican cohorts who wore them back in the day.

she wanted to fuck everybody in the Clan. I think she'd stow away in the luggage bin. I was like, 'I'm not touchin' 'er.' "

Raekwon, though, *has* permission to touch whatever he wants. "Me and [my wife] already have an understanding," he tells me as Ghostface pours a bottle of Grey Goose vodka. "It's business, y'nahmean? It's not like I got my dick out on camera. We just Larry Flyntin' it right now."

RZA, a self-proclaimed porn collector, gave props to HUSTLER while describing his most notable groupie tryst. "I know HUSTLER. Y'all got it poppin'," RZA howls. "We was bangin' three a night at one point; we really lost control of ourselves. Me and ODB used to battle to see who could get the most girls in one month. My record? Lemme see, maybe 23. He probably had like 47. Ol' Dirt was doin' three to five a day on some tours."

When asked about a possible porn movie under the Wu-Tang banner, GZA replies that they'd considered it once in passing. "You know it's crazy because I had thought of some titles one time," he says, kicking back and then crossing his white Nike Air Force 1s. "We were all buggin' out jokin' one night. I was like, 'Man, Ol' Dirty and Lil' Kim in a porn flick!' I had crazy titles. *Dirt Dog's Bone*, it was some crazy shit. Oh, it was *Ol' Dirty Bastard: The Dirty Sick Chambers*."

Unlike some of the sexual conquests detailed in their rhymes, when the Wu rap about beating up an A&R representative, about a drug transaction gone awry or about an arms deal turning sour it probably isn't just fiction. According to the *New York Post*, the Clan fell under suspicion in 1999 as alleged gun-runners, although nothing came of the investigation. Members have been arrested for everything from assault to not paying child support to wearing bulletproof vests (a felony in some states).

Photo by Rick Brenes

Inspectah Deck rolls some weed before the big event.

ODB was recently released from prison, and several Clan members besides Inspectah Deck have been behind bars at one point. But a high-profile rap sheet has only spiked the group's worldwide profile.

And the formula's worked, partly because RZA—now the Clan's figurehead—negotiated a crucial clause in the original contract with Loud/RCA in 1993. He made sure that each member was free to release albums of his own through outside labels. All have done so, but RZA—with five so far—has been the most prolific.

"This is family for real," Masta Killa explains to me minutes before the big reunion. Perhaps the most calm and collected of the brethren, Killa is pimped out in a snappy cap pulled sideways. "As much as the Wu came and overwhelmed the planet, it really hasn't dawned on me yet. The effect it's had? I can't even see it yet. When I was walkin' it back in '92, I didn't see it. I was just glad to be part of something that had so much love and energy."

After the obligatory autograph signings and endless interviews with the likes of MTV and *Rolling Stone*, Wu-Tang Clan en masse finally hit the stage at San Bernardino's sold-out Orange Pavilion. For the next two hours the 8,000 fans on hand for the Rock the Bells extravaganza—ranging in age from 15 to 50—maintain full hype even after a barrage of acts throughout the sweltering day.

Always humble, the group hasn't let stardom and prosperity get to their heads *too* much. They remain alert and wary in the music world.

Members of Theodore Unit get touchy-feely with Lily Thai, Alexis Amore and Lolana. The group's album *718* (Sure Shot Recordings) is in stores.

"It's a very, very weird business—hip-hop—and the corporations have put a clinch on it," RZA says. "I come from the streets. I left the streets to become a legal businessman and entrepreneur, but I've come to find that the corporations are the biggest criminals, bigger than the drug-dealer criminals. At least in the streets, when you have a dispute, there's a way to settle it. Whether it's with hands, guns, knives, cocktail bombs, you can settle it.

"In a corporation," RZA continues, "there's nothin' to settle. Their lawyer is more stronger than your lawyer. Tens of millions of dollars passed through my hands. The attitude is, I should be grateful. I got [out] from the projects, from welfare. I *am* grateful, but at the same time, gimme what's mine. When I talk to somebody like Isaac Hayes, and he tells me his story—in 1994 he told me he lost $18 million—I was already prepared."

That preparedness and business savvy have helped RZA and his partners market their personas and build an empire out of their remarkable music. Wu-Tang Corp oversees ventures like the group's official Web site (WuTangCorp.com), the Wu-Wear clothing and shoe stores, Wu-Tang salons, a line of rereleased vintage martial-arts films, a comic-book series, video games and an authorized bio, *The Wu-Tang Manual* (Riverhead Press, 2004).

Their next move is to collec-

GHOSTFACE

Aliases: Tony Starks/Pretty Toney/Ironman
Wu-Fact: Ghost handed out 1,000 sleeping bags to New York City's homeless and visited Africa to help youth. He's also beat Louis Armstrong's lawyers in court over the use of lyrics that included "what a wonderful world."

GZA

Aliases: The Genius/Allah Justice/Maxamillion

Wu-Fact: GZA's 2003 release *Legend of the Liquid Sword* contained no profanity, but was slapped with a Parental Advisory sticker anyway due to the content of a single song. The topic: serial killers.

tively find a new record label. Currently unsigned as a group, Wu-Tang Clan is essentially a free agent, but plans are in the works to finalize a deal with recording-industry giants Jimmy Iovine and Dr. Dre. If things go right, the Wu may move onto Dre's Aftermath imprint under the Interscope umbrella.

Fans can only hope for a Wu-Tang-Aftermath union, and just the prospect has the music industry buzzing. Still, there could be a stumbling block. Static once crackled between the Wu and rap superstar 50-Cent, an Aftermath artist. The Wu camp wasn't too thrilled with 50-Cent's 1999 track "How to Rob a Rapper" in which he disses dozens of MCs—a few Wu members included.

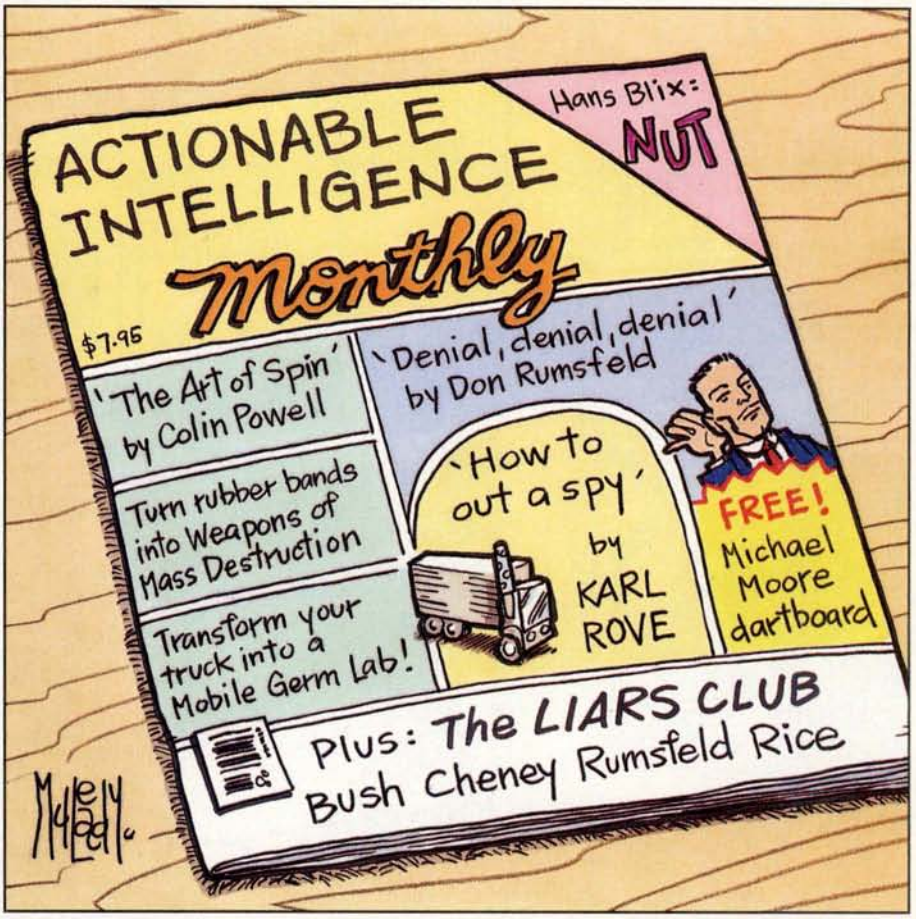
"I'd rob ODB but that'd be a waste of time/Probably have to slap him, run and toss the nine [millimeter firearm]," 50 quips. "I hit the studios take shit and leave/Catch Rae, Ghost and RZA for them funny-ass rings" (a barb at RZA's spiral-shaped finger accoutrements, which resemble bee stingers).

At least one Wu member—Ghostface—has retaliated on wax, but not much has come of the beef since. In fact, 50-Cent has quelled the flames by comparing his group's career to Wu-Tang's. "I think when people say G-Unit, they think gang," 50 once said in an interview. "But G-Unit is a company. G-Unit is a brand name. We collaborate in G-Unit as a group.... It's sort of like Wu-Tang with not as many people."

Of course, RZA and his entire group are excited about the idea of working with the Aftermath label. After all, a Dr. Dre-RZA collaboration has long been a hip-hop aficionado's wet dream.

If the deal ever comes through, RZA will have found the perfect launching pad for future talent. And there will be future talent. Each member will carry a torch in years to come, as will other Wu offshoots—a conglomerate of affiliated groups known as the Wu-Tang Killa Beez. Several members feel that the next group album will be the last; but the final chapter has yet to be written.

"There's always one album I wanted to record with Wu-Tang, and that's *The 8 Diagrams*," RZA proclaims. "If we can make this one be it, and we can record it to the vision I have, it's a great way to close the book. I think one more album would definitely give our fans closure. I think it'd be a great thing."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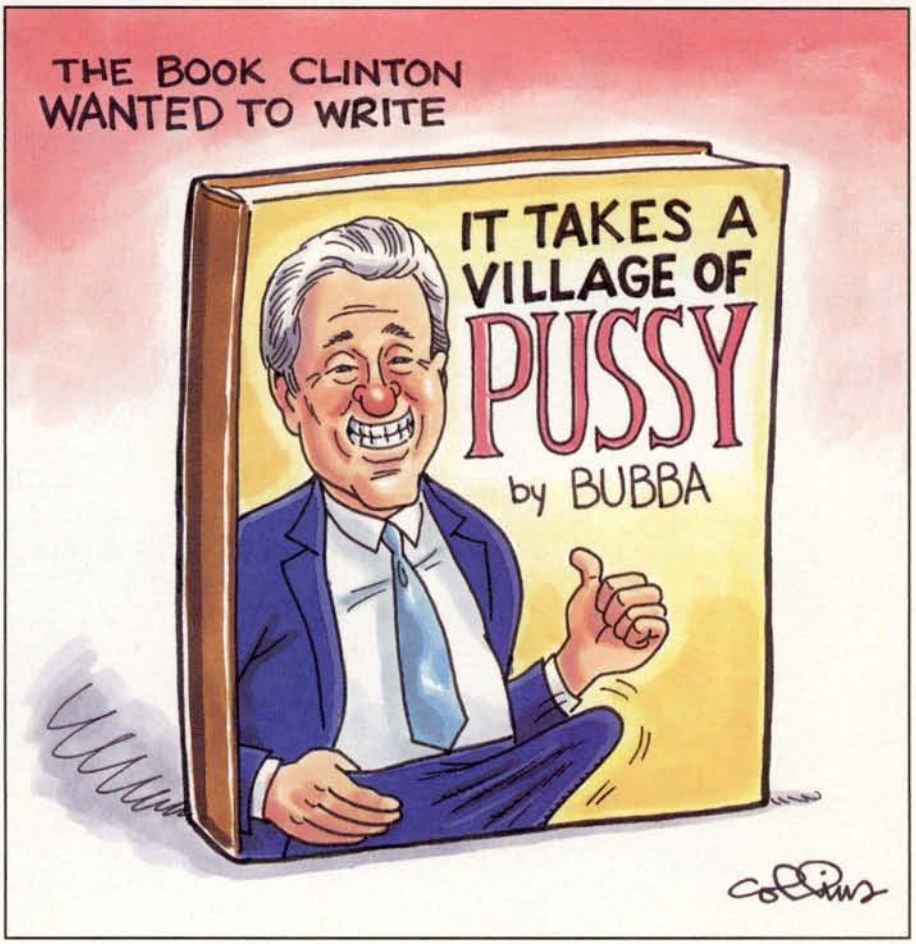
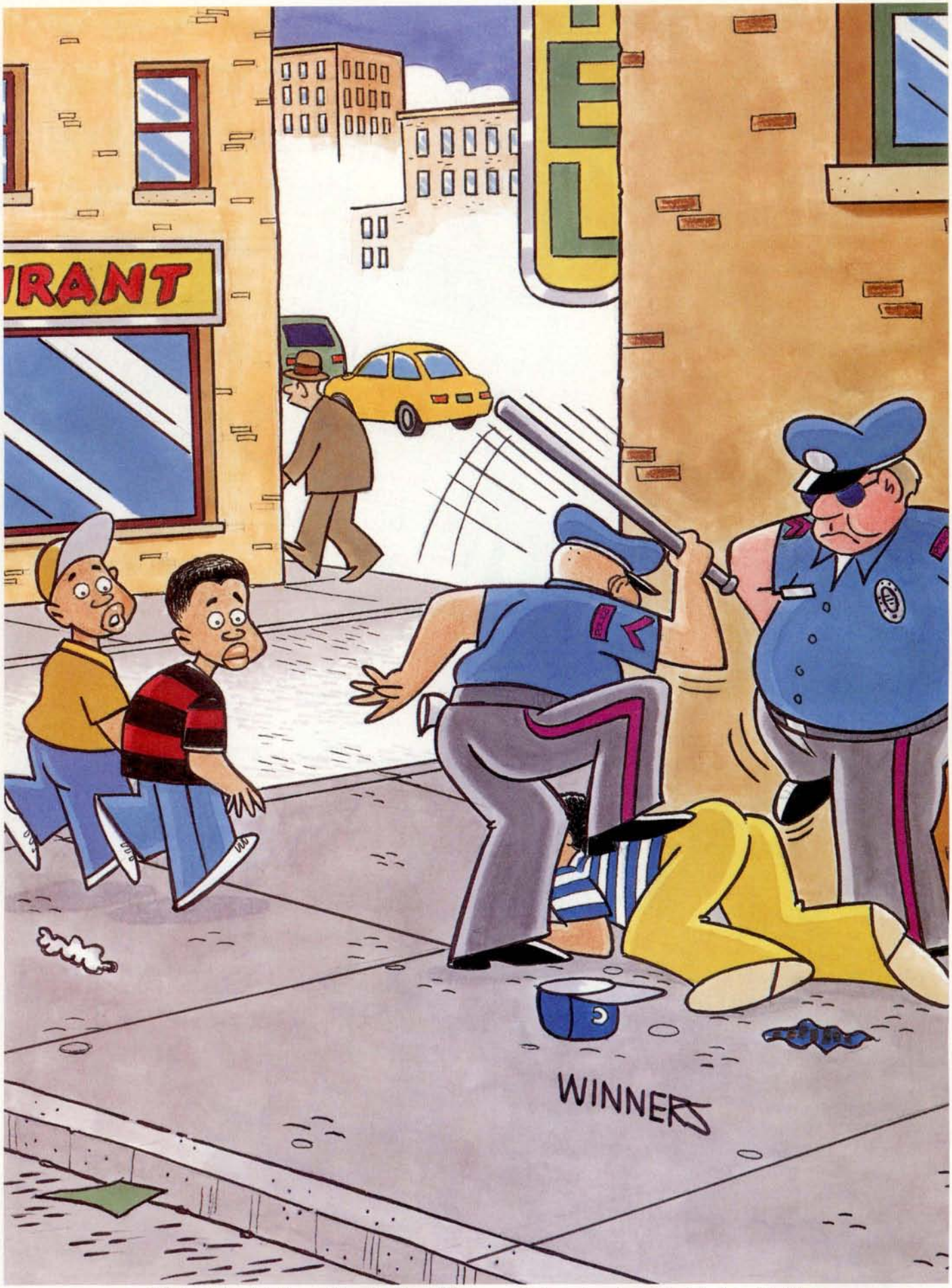




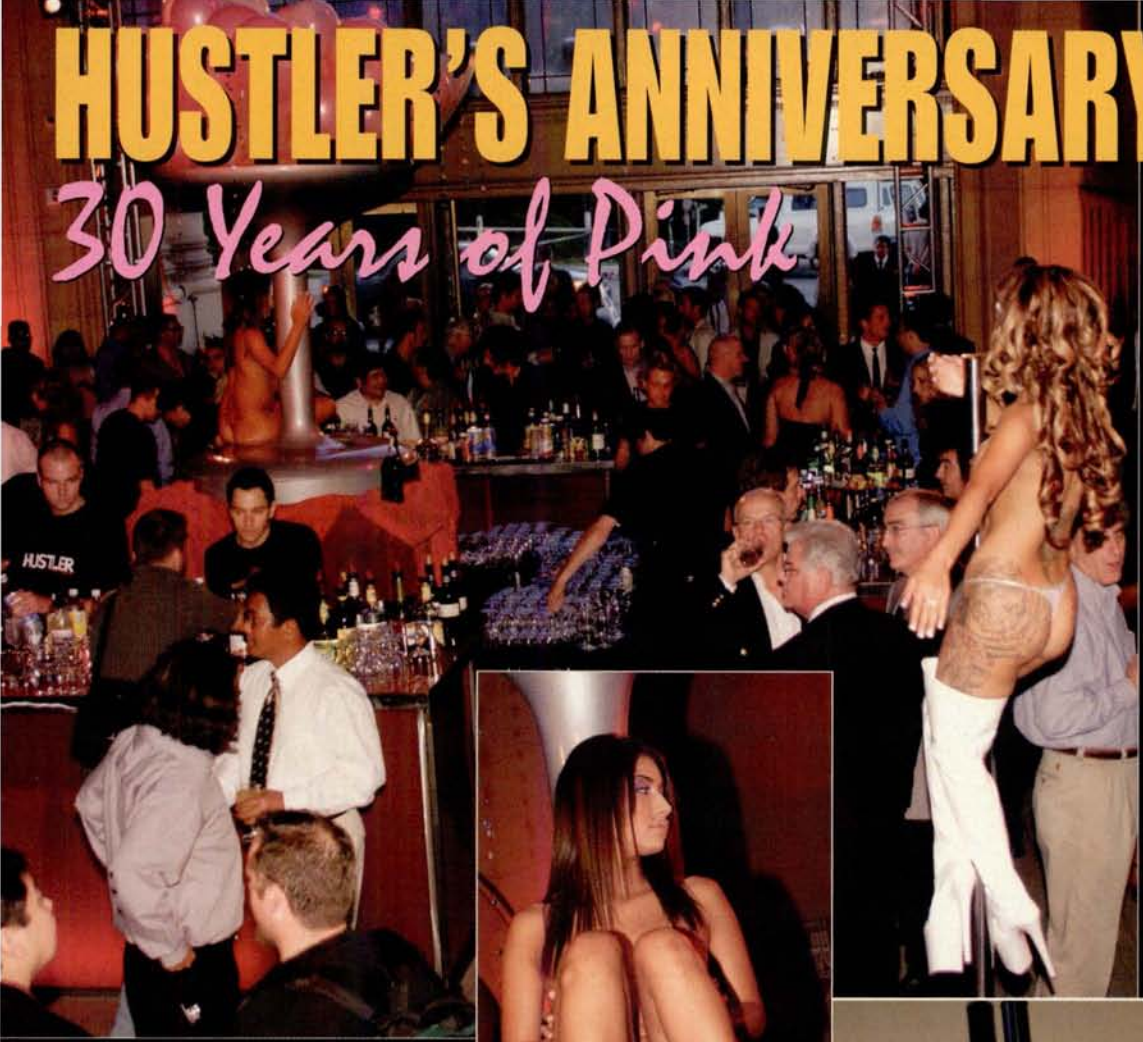
"Wow! And I thought all cops did was eat doughnuts and drink coffee!"

HUSTLER'S ANNIVERSARY PARTY

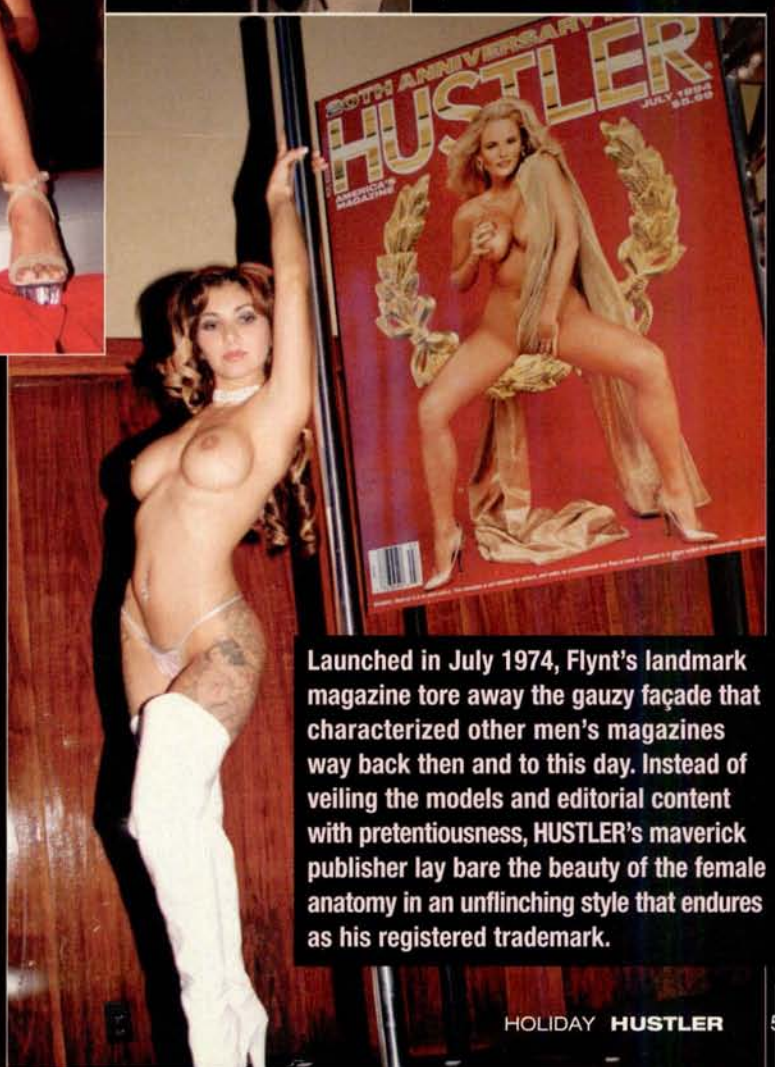
30 Years of Pink

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

For revelers celebrating this publication's 30th birthday at L.A.'s landmark Park Plaza Hotel, it may have seemed a bit like the '70s revisited. As the wine poured freely, five dozen beautiful women cavorted sans clothing and inhibitions. Just like three decades earlier, it was a defiant celebration of pure sexual exuberance—all in the shadow of a corrupt Republican administration. But this was not a summer's-night bacchanal without purpose. More than 1,000 splendidly attired partygoers jammed the venerable hotel to pay homage to Larry Flynt, the man who turned the term *libertine* into a viable profession—and art.



HUSTLER mastermind Larry Flynt, the man who made it all possible, arrives with wife Liz.



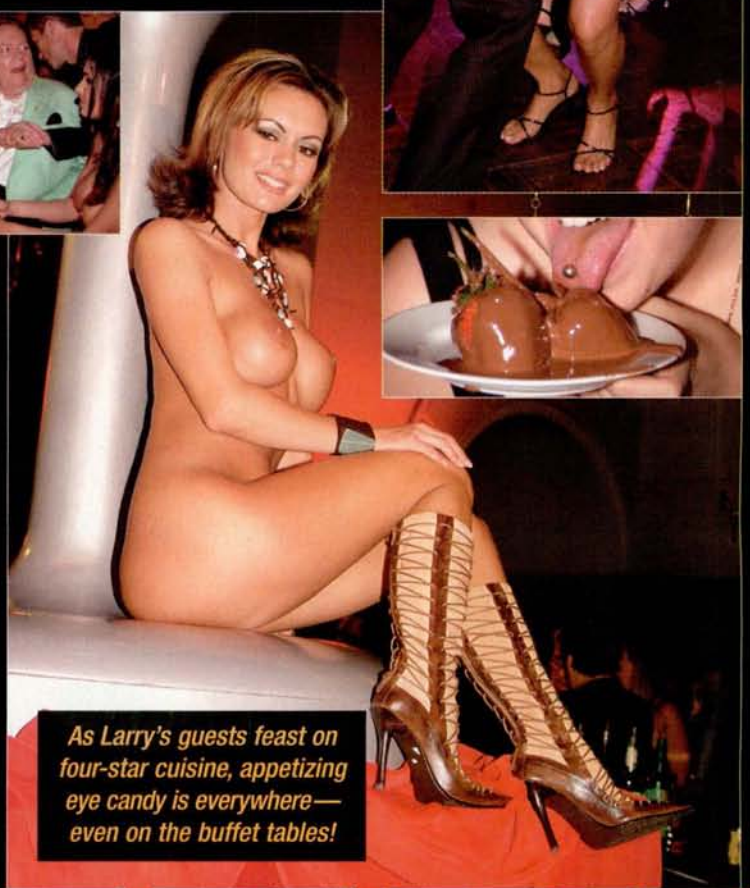
Launched in July 1974, Flynt's landmark magazine tore away the gauzy façade that characterized other men's magazines way back then and to this day. Instead of veiling the models and editorial content with pretentiousness, HUSTLER's maverick publisher lay bare the beauty of the female anatomy in an unflinching style that endures as his registered trademark.

At HUSTLER's blockbuster anniversary bash it was clear that Larry Flynt still holds the patent on honestly indulging the mass libido, spreading forth luxuriant bounties of gourmet food for the palates of his guests while the libations poured freely. Other deeper thirsts were stoked and then quenched as partiers on the hotel's patio watched nude female "leopards" get friendly with each other in a carnal safari. Other women chose to sweeten their bosoms under a fountain spewing a delectable confection. Chocolate-covered strawberries, anyone?

Inside the Park Plaza the festivities took on a distinct Studio 54 feel. Illuminated by a dazzling light show, churning bodies packed the dance floor, getting down as a bevy of naked lovelies spun around on catwalks above them.

Encircled by feline dazzlers, Larry holds court. The blonde over his shoulder and soon to let it all hang out is HUSTLER columnist Laurie Wallace.

Jimmy Flynt gets in a word or two as his brother marvels at what's come to bare.



As Larry's guests feast on four-star cuisine, appetizing eye candy is everywhere—even on the buffet tables!

arry's favorite cartoonists—John Billette, Dan Collins, George Trosley and Bob Muleady—bond with Editorial Director Bruce David (second from right).

Lensman Clive McLean (with wife Erika) gets to have his pic taken.

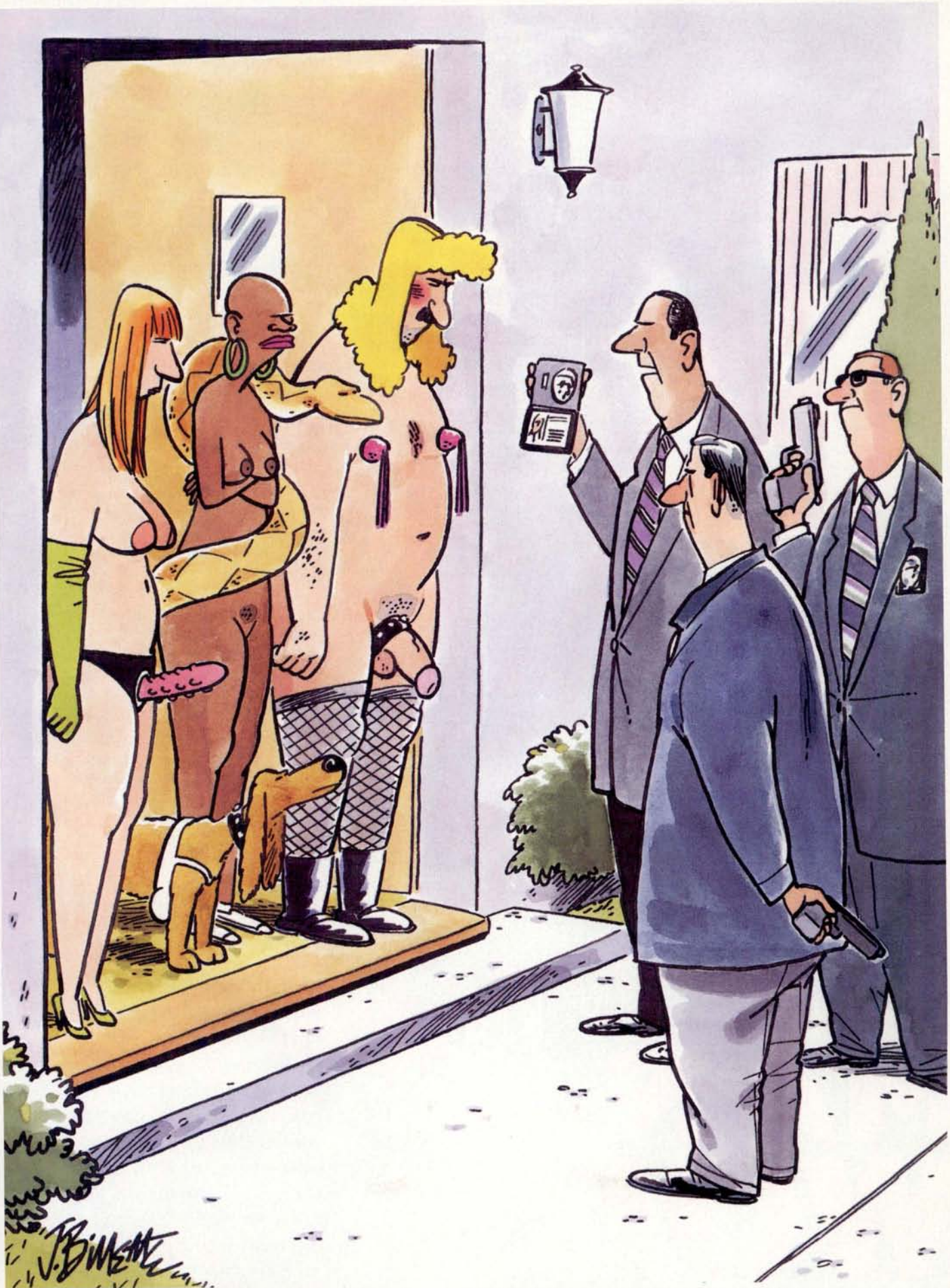
Associate AD Michael Richardi knows when to forget designing.

"Speak softly and carry a big bread-stick," quips veteran staffer N. Morgen Hagen (with soul mate Marissa).

With booty in abundance, the Jungle Boogie Band keeps up a pounding beat throughout the night.

As the unforgettable evening came to a close, Larry Flynt himself took center stage. Beaming, he thanked his guests for standing by him through the past struggles and triumphs, and promised that the best is indeed yet to come. Said by the man who has helped America let her hair down with the mantra "Relax, it's just sex," it's easy to believe more good times are just around the bend.

When all is said and done, a gathering of this magnitude could only have been thrown by the Kentuckian who coined the phrase "Think pink."



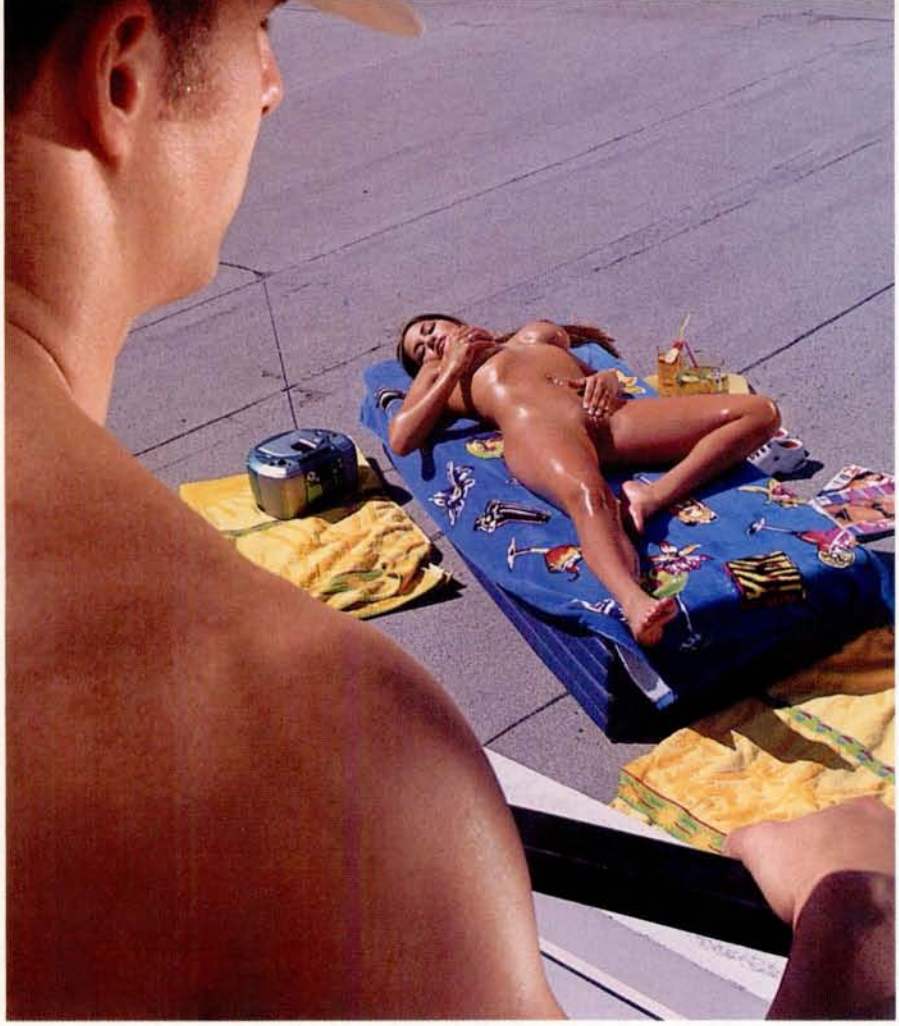
"Good morning. We're from the new Federal Bureau of What You Can't Do in the Privacy of Your Own Home Anymore."

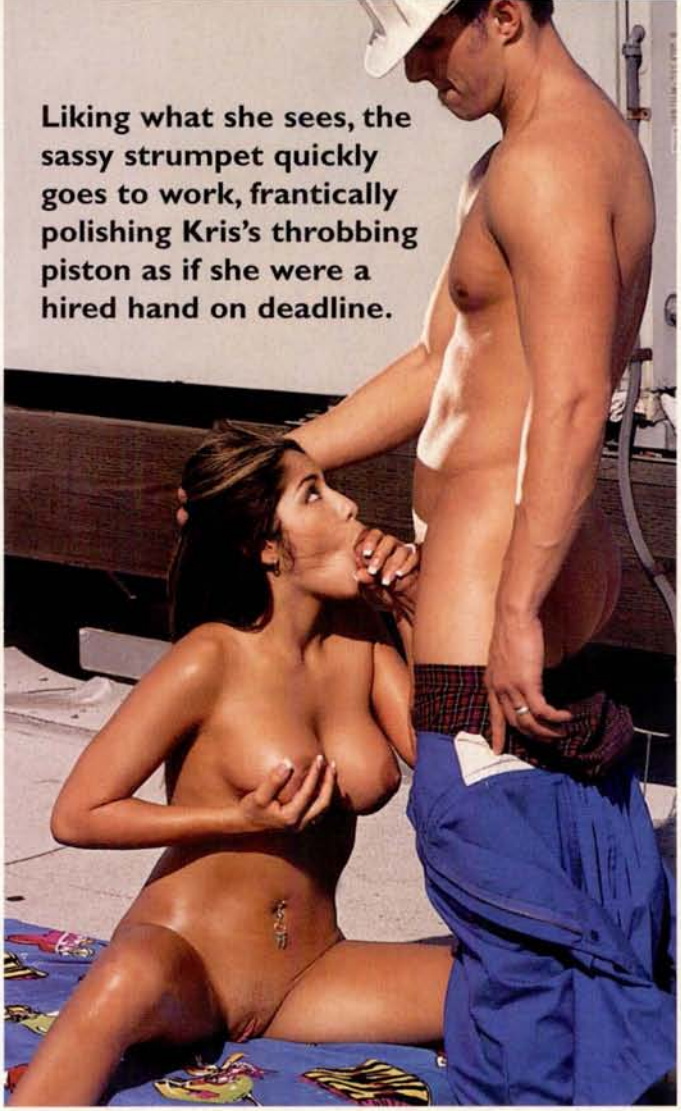
JENAVEVE & KRIS

MAN AT WORK

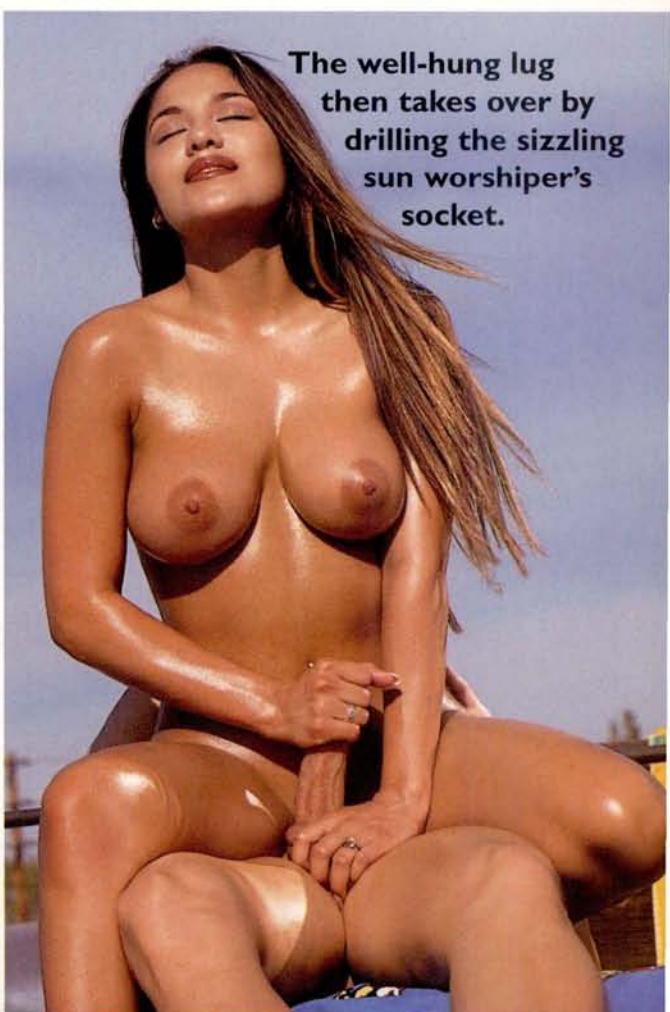
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Usually construction workers grab their crotches and toss out suggestive lines to passing women, but this time the roles are reversed. While sunbathing in the nude, Jenaveve spies Kris and shouts, "Lemme see your tool, big man." The hard-hat responds by dropping his pants and pulling out a steel-like schlong.





Liking what she sees, the sassy strumpet quickly goes to work, frantically polishing Kris's throbbing piston as if she were a hired hand on deadline.



The well-hung lug then takes over by drilling the sizzling sun worshiper's socket.

After a long shift of loud banging and hammering, the foreman's whistle finally blows... right into Jenaveve's waiting mouth.

Jenaveve takes you south of her border in *HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #11* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

OPEN SESAME!

HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS WITH MAGIC TRICKS

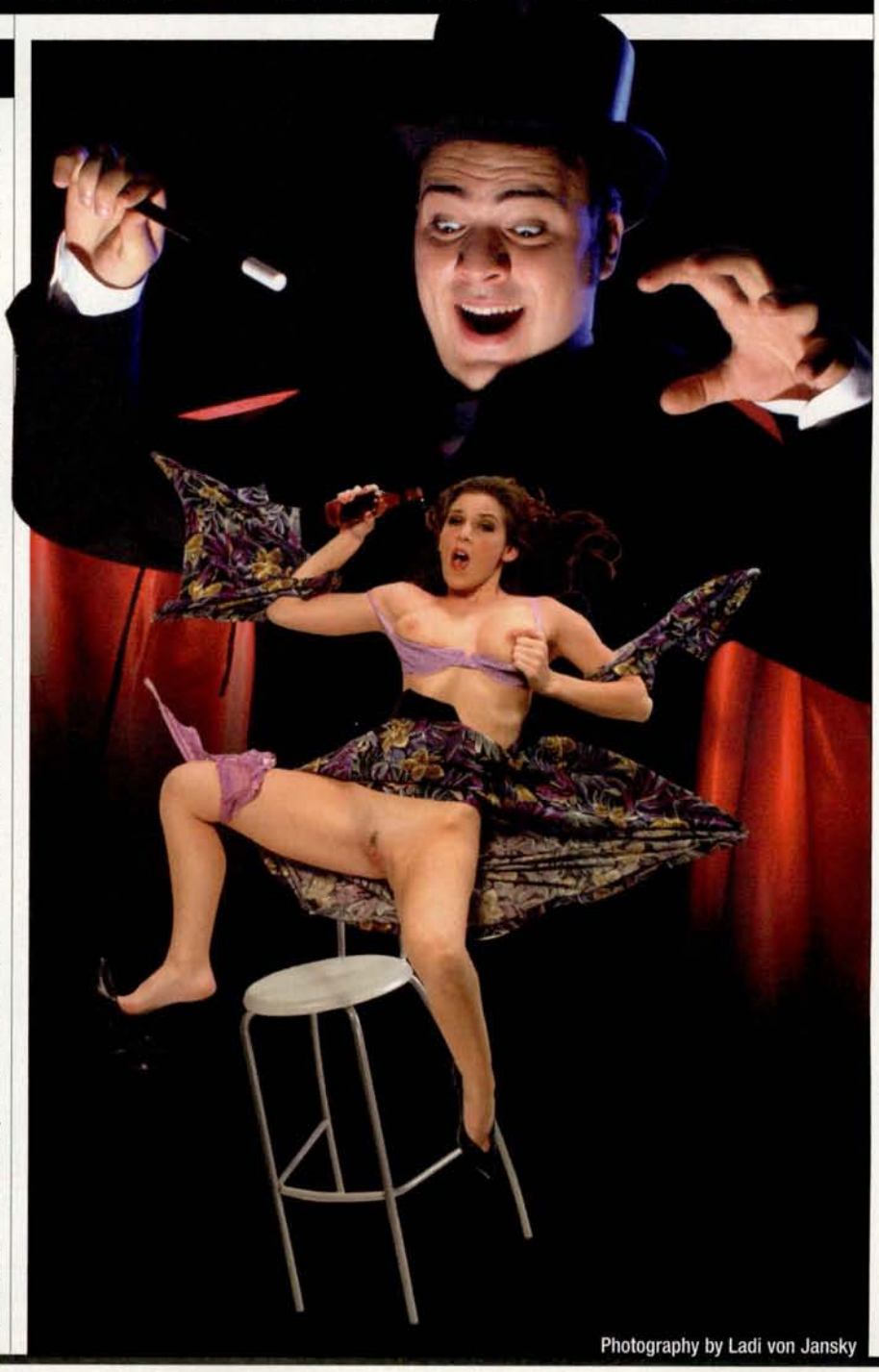
★ BY JONATHON DABACH

Magic, sleight of hand, prestidigitation. Whatever you want to call it, it's always meant one thing to me: women. As a geeky, pimply-faced 13-year-old looking for a way to break the ice with the freshman beauty queen, I found that a deck of playing cards was an invaluable asset. While the rest of the kids were trying to work up the courage to approach girls, I had a circle of giggling young'uns asking me to "read their innermost thoughts and desires," when all I could really do was stare at their budding tits as they sped through puberty.

Fast-forward a few years. Slick back the hair, add a new suit, and I'm still working the same routine night after night throughout L.A.'s club scene. I'm a professional magician, and to me that means never going home alone.

"How to pick a girl up at a bar" has been a topic that has racked the brains of some of the best men of our time. Should I approach a woman with the line a friend e-mailed me the other day? Maybe if we go in a group, she won't be able to shoo us away as easily. Is there a better way to introduce myself to a woman than offering to buy her a drink? The answer is yes. With the proliferation of small magic shops and Internet stores these days, it's not hard to find the perfect trick: one that not only can be mastered in a matter of minutes, but also is impressive enough to a woman that she'll want to know a little bit more about you.

Imagine frequenting a cocktail lounge and sitting next to an attractive woman you'd like to get to know. "Excuse me," you say, reaching over



Photography by Ladi von Jansky

and grabbing a quarter left on the bar. As she watches your hand pass by, you ask, "Did you put this here?" Before she can answer, you bite off half of the coin, leaving teeth marks on the other half. A moment later you spit the piece back on, and the quarter is restored as if nothing had ever happened. It may not be as daunting as walking through the Great Wall of China, but it'll be enough to spark a conversation.

While investigating magic's potential as an aphrodisiac, I thought it would be interesting to ask some women from my past about their reactions to magic. I dusted off my old black book and managed to track down a few who I distinctly remember being turned on when I'd broken out a couple of reliable tricks.

After years of silence it wasn't easy to call some of them out of the blue, but my curiosity got the best of me. Those I reached made many interesting observations. Some of my exes considered magic to be a part of my personality, one likening it to "the touch of mystery that's become so rare."

When I called an ex on the East Coast, the gal was keen on reminding me that magic has been a means of attracting women for years. "Just think of David Copperfield and Claudia Schiffer," I was reminded. "Getting engaged to her was the best trick he ever did." As a professional magician myself, I'd hate to admit that illusionist Copperfield's vanishing of the Statue of Liberty doesn't make that strong an impression, but she had a point.

I've always been into the mysterious, well-groomed, slick style of magic. Still, that doesn't mean only those who spend hours perfecting their wardrobe and posture can pull off a good trick. In fact several of my best friends are chubby magicians who wear shabby jeans; yet they have no problem meeting women.

Every time we go out, I watch in awe as one buddy of mine goes around picking up chicks with one of the weirdest tricks I've ever seen. After locating a girl he'd like to meet, he walks up and asks, "Want to see something weird?" The lady usually doesn't have time to say yes or no before my pal takes out a nickel and sticks it to his forehead. He quickly strikes an "aren't I cool" pose, holds his hands out and yells, "*Ta dah!*" as if he's just performed a miracle.

Before the gal can shake her head with disbelief that this regular joe actually had the gall to walk over to her, he peels the nickel from his head and shows that glued onto the back of it is an inch-long nail, which presumably had been stuck in his noggin. The trick always gets a laugh and according to him, "When you're a chubby, short, balding guy, a laugh is exactly what you're looking for."

One of my personal favorites for a poolside lounge is to walk around in search of a lovely lady about to put a cigarette to her lips. That's my cue to mosey over, ask if she needs a light and then hold up my thumb (engulfed in a ball of fire) to her cigarette as she takes in the first drag. It always makes her jump and is more than enough to kindle curiosity. Usually, the damsel will grab my hand, looking for a mechanism that made the trick work— thus initiating touch, an added bonus.

Here's a less-dramatic technique. Going up to an intriguing creature and politely asking her to put her hand out will work almost all of the time. All that's left for you to do is put a coin on her outstretched palm, wave your hand over hers and watch her astonishment as the coin vanishes. It will only set you back about 20 bucks, and it's a helluva lot better than "What's your sign?" or any other of the dozens of pickup lines guys might throw her way the rest of the night.

You'll begin to collect your personal favorite stories over the years, as have I. Late one Saturday night at a Hollywood lounge I was just about to call it quits when the barkeep, who had heard of my reputation as a magician, asked if he could see a trick before last call. In light of the free drinks I'd gotten from him in the past, I thought it only fair to satisfy his appetite with a few quickies.

First I broke out a crisp deck of playing cards and proceeded to cut and shuffle them with one hand in a matter of seconds. Continuing to play with the pasteboards, I practiced a few flourishes that I've learned over the years, and the drinkmeister walked away to refill some empty mugs.

I hadn't noticed immediately, but two young ladies appeared from afar and were staring at my hands as I continued to shuffle the cards. I sprung the deck from hand to hand at a distance of a few feet, and the girls' eyes widened with amazement. "Whoa, do that again!" one of the gals demanded as she and her companion headed my way. They make it too easy sometimes.

Just then the bartender snuck back up to my little corner. "Do you ladies know who this is?" he asked. "This is Jon Dabach," the barkeep went on. "You gotta see what this guy can do."

The opening act was a tour de force of card tricks. This was followed by a series of miracles with coins and a rousing conclusion, during which my awestruck audience watched as I floated off the ground.

The encore hit them by surprise. Grabbing a bar napkin, I quickly twisted it into an origami rose. I then brought my creation to the lit end of one barfly's cigarette, whereupon it burst into flames and turned into a real rose. The two honeys smiled at each other, exchanged a knowing nod and offered to show me their apartment.

To quote the late French magician Jean Robert-Houdin, a magician is nothing more than "an actor playing the role of a magician." People want to believe in magic. Women want to write in their diary about the night they met the magician who disappeared the next morning. It's a combination of a naive girl's fantasy of Prince Charming coming to sweep her off her feet and a 21-one-year-old jezebel's bad-boy phase. It's a memory to keep in that secret box for when they have kids of their own and need to escape into their own, exaggerated past.

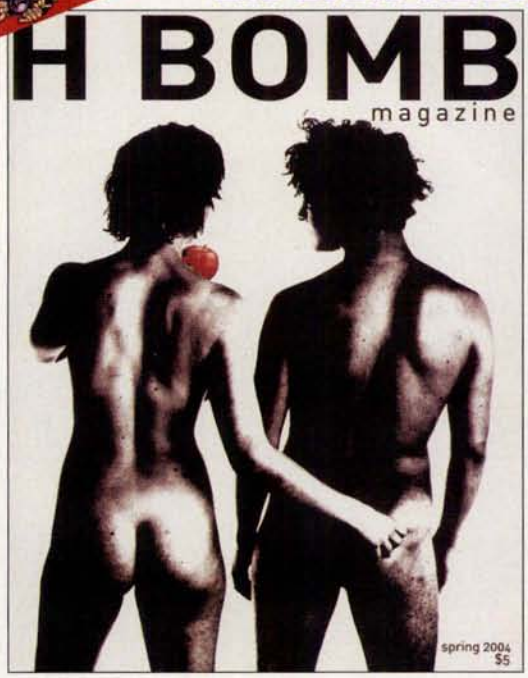
Dangerous yet sweet, exciting yet calming, magicians are walking contradictions. We are a dreamy nightmare that can make a woman shake with fear and moan in disbelief, but don't take my word for it. Pick up a copy of Jean Hugard and Frederick Braué's *Royal Road to Card Magic* at your local bookstore, learn some easy tricks, and see exactly what I'm talking about.

Writer Jonathon Dabach doubles as a magician who performs his wizardry at clubs in Southern California.

For a wide assortment of easy-to-master tricks that are sure to knock a lady's socks off, click on these reputable Internet sites: **MiracleMagic.net** and **PenguinMagic.com**. Be the Casanova where you hang out!

MERRY MICHAEL MOORE VISITS THE BUSHES
Laura
Jenna
Barbara
George
FAHRENHEIT 9/11
FAHRENHEIT 9/11
FAHRENHEIT 9/11
Frosley

Big Bang About Quite a Dud ★ News From Harvard by Adam P. Schneider



Cofounders Cieplak-von Baldegg (above) and Hrdy flank their mag's cover.

Harvard students are more commonly known for their brains than their erotic appeal. Can *H Bomb* magazine, the Ivy League university's first sanctioned nudie publication, change the perception of its coeds from stuffy to sexy?

Revealing that one attends Harvard is traditionally called "dropping the H-bomb," hence the title of the controversial periodical. When the first issue hit newsstands this past spring, readers found a smattering of essays, interviews, erotic poetry and, most shockingly, photos of naked Harvard undergrads. But *H Bomb* is "not pornography," claims its Web site (H-Bomb.org).

At the helm are Katharina P. Cieplak-von Baldegg (Class of '06) and Camilla Alexandra Hrdy (Class of '05). Not only did the mag's cofounders/editors secure official student-group status from the Committee on College Life, but they also obtained $2,000 from the Undergraduate Council, Harvard's student government. The publication received one of the largest grants allocated to any Crimson student group in the past year because the Undergraduate Council estimated that a large number of students on the Cambridge, Massachusetts, campus would likely want to pick up a copy.

After months of hoopla and anticipation, *H Bomb* arrived with mixed reviews at best. "It's just another literary magazine," groused Tina Wang, Class of '07. "They backed off from making it [overtly pornographic] and couched it in 'artistic,' provocative, black-and-white prints. I think the hype was pointless and ridiculous."

Said junior Rebecca D. O'Brien, "It may look like a glorified poetry magazine with its photo and costume departments suffering from cutbacks, but I appreciate the statement it strives to make. The nudity at times seemed a little gratuitous, but who said that's a bad thing? All in all, I don't think it was that big of a deal, and I'm happy they had a chance to produce something original."

Actually, *H Bomb* is not an entirely new concept. The editors themselves admit being inspired by Vassar College's *Squirm*, an erotic journal that has been published annually since 1999.

In an interview with the *Harvard Crimson*, the university's daily newspaper, Hrdy expressed a need for a space to discuss topics of sexuality. "We're past the point of Sex Ed," she declared, "but clearly there's no location for students to express opinions on this part of their lives. This is an outlet that's needed."

Many students on campus seemed uninspired, if not disappointed with the final product. "On the whole I found it pretty vapid and uninteresting," said M. K. Eagle, a junior. "Even the photography seemed like most of it wasn't that special—it looked like their only criterion was a lack of clothing."

But it wasn't nudity per se that highlighted the magazine's amateurish launch, but rather the white stickers that were slapped over photographs from a student fashion show. Apparently there were concerns regarding the models' consent to appear in print.

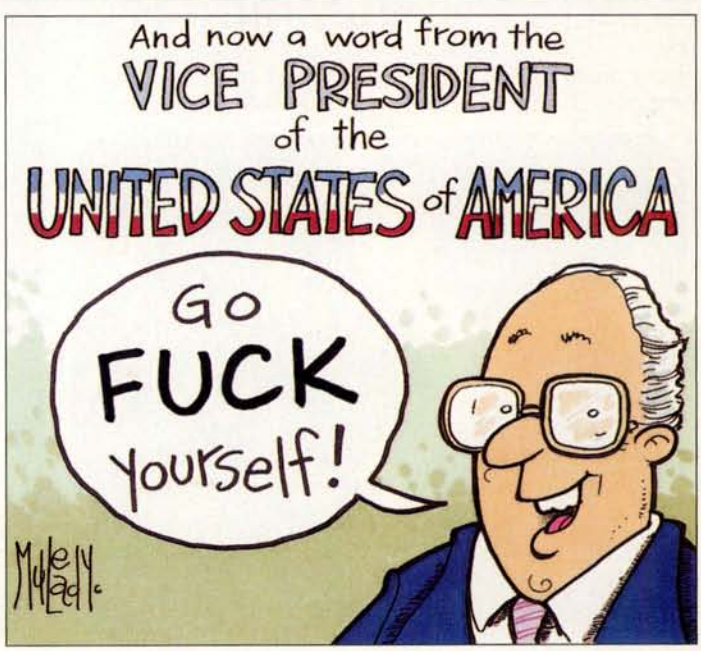
Stretching its claim as a student publication, *H Bomb* snubbed talented photographers enrolled at the school in favor of an off-campus professional. Yet its editorial integrity may have been harmed more by pedestrian poetry, screed like "I tear off your clothes, clamp together, grit, tighten, shaking hard-boiled eggs" from Tom Lowe's "Animal."

While the Harvard stereotypes of a campus filled only with virginal nerds may not be accurate, the university—even with *H Bomb* magazine—isn't a bastion of sexual liberation and expression. "There are a lot of problems with Harvard's social life," voiced Mark A. Adomanis (Class of '07), "and the lack of a sex mag isn't one of them. I think *H Bomb* has revealed a very troubling me-too attitude at Harvard: kids doing things not because of their intrinsic value, but because 'that's what college kids do.' The first issue really wasn't too explicit or graphic, but it still was [provocative] in its form and intent. The very idea of the magazine is immature."

H Bomb may have all eyes on the bared chests of unabashed coeds, but a typical response could also describe the sex lives of so many who've studied at Harvard since 1636: "It's nothing special."

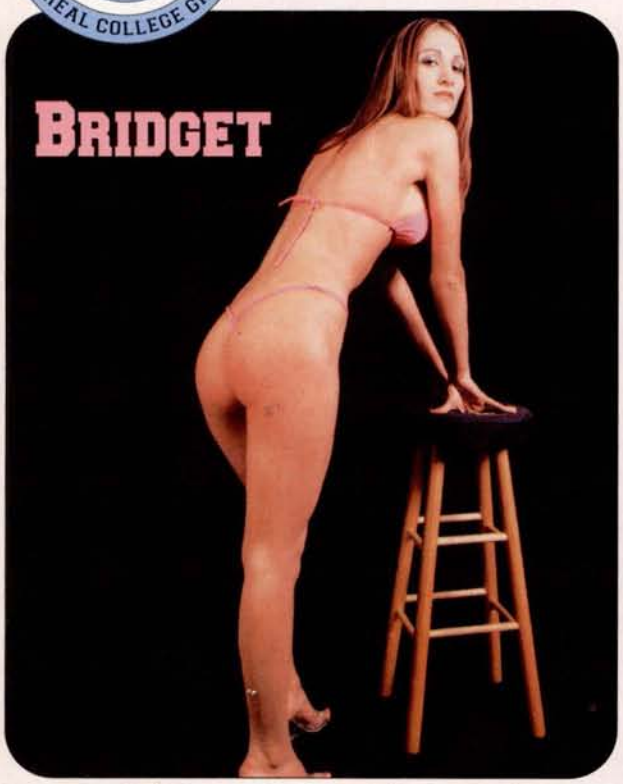
Sophomore Adam P. Schneider is a government major from California and a staff writer for the Harvard Crimson.

Attention budding college journalists: If you have an idea for a newsworthy report from your institution of higher learning, please contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.



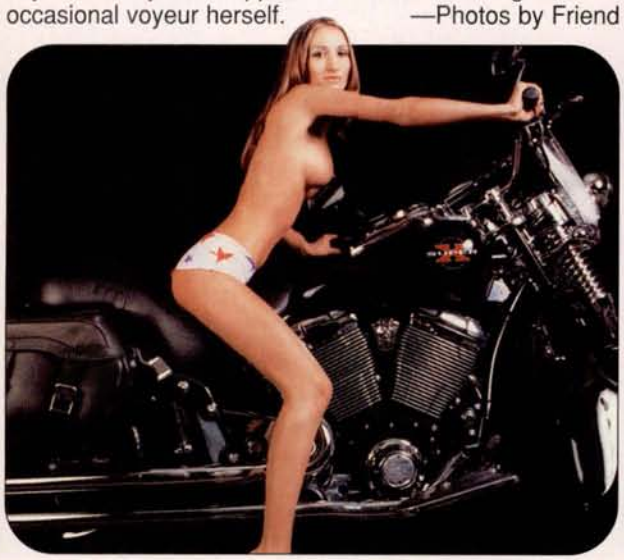
WE'RE PAYING CA$H FOR HOT STUDENT BODIES!

Since the very beginning, HUSTLER has been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of your naughtiest photos and garner $350 in financial assistance!

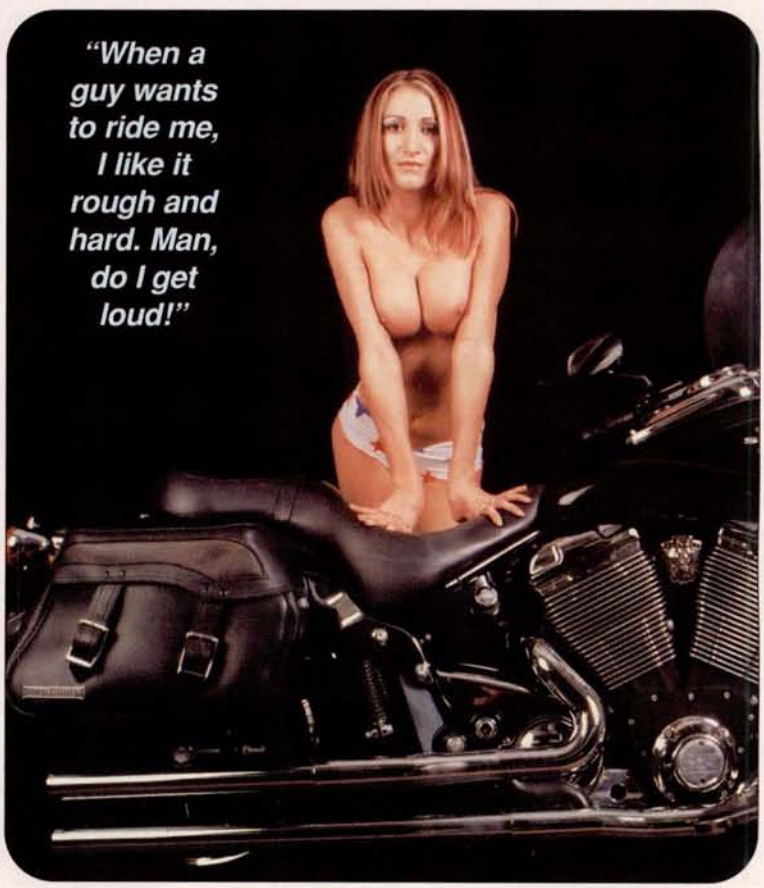


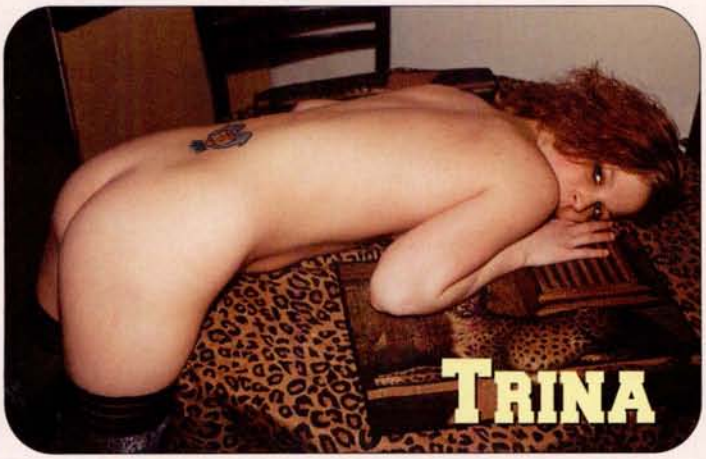
BRIDGET

Revved up for being watched in very little is a sophomore business-management major at **California State University-San Marcos**. That motorcycling is Bridget's favorite outdoor pastime is apparent, but the 5-foot-8 daredevil also likes to hop on dirt bikes and snowboards. Although her pictures are tame by HUSTLER standards, the 20-year-old can be a wild thing. "I'll never forget the time I had sex in a spa with a bunch of people around," says the lanky 34C-cupper, who admits to being an occasional voyeur herself. —Photos by Friend



"When a guy wants to ride me, I like it rough and hard. Man, do I get loud!"





Here's a heavenly 23-year-old from Morgantown, West Virginia, who's left the Mountain State behind to pursue an education up the road apiece. Accepted at neighboring Ohio's **Kent State University**, Trina is now a third-year student majoring in computer science. With a 3.6 grade-point average, the future software designer is doing quite well, but her nude-modeling prowess and sex life are summa cum laude. When asked to provide a fantasy for her eye candy, Trina murmured, "I'm too busy doing what I enjoy to even have one." A rather-short volleyball player (5-5), she is still a fantastic spiker when horniness strikes. —Photos by Friend

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, follow instructions in model-release that appears on page **161** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at the

$5,000 Grand Prize!

"Don't even think about it. He has lawyers up the ass!"

UNCLE KRACKER KICKS IT NASHVILLE-STYLE

Interview by Hans Feuersinger

Photo by David McClister

Once a hard-partying DJ/rapper/rock star, Detroit bad boy Uncle Kracker (born Matt Shafer) seems to have found the quieter side of life alongside his new musical direction. Its first hint was "When the Sun Goes Down," a single and video that teamed U.K. with country superstar Kenny Chesney. Then came Uncle Kracker's latest album, *Seventy Two & Sunny* (Lava/Atlantic), an entire collection of country tunes. We caught up with the big Unkie mid-tour, during which drugs and groupies have seemingly taken a backseat to cards and beer.

HUSTLER: *Seventy Two & Sunny* is a bit different from your previous releases. How would you describe the new sound?

UNCLE KRACKER: It's my AM '70s shit.

A press release refers to you as a true American hero. Who are some of your own?

Shit. I'd say James Gandolfini [of *The Sopranos*]. I like the happier-set people. Fuck! I definitely think Larry Flynt's an American hero—just everything he's done and what he stood for and what he still stands for. A lotta people mighta crawled back in a hole. Everything that I've seen or read on him seems like he didn't give in at all. I heard that Larry Flynt plays blackjack. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I heard that he shuts down casinos and plays $75,000 a hand. I don't know where I heard that, but I have heard that (*laughs*). When you're bettin' $75,000 on blackjack, you're a true American hero.

Do you play cards?

Oh, man. Too much. I'm kind of a scumbag.

What's the most you've won?

I've won $15,000 as fast as I've lost $15,000, and that's bettin' like a little pussy too. You know? If I was bettin' big change, I woulda walked away with big change. It takes money to make money. If you wanna win big, you gotta bet big. You gotta gamble!

Could you describe a typical day on the road with Uncle Kracker?

Right now I'm on tour with Kenny Chesney, a big fun tour. An average day for me is just gettin' up, waitin' around a few hours to see if I still have my voice. Smoke about two packs of cigarettes; that's when I'll quit coughin' for the day. Then I'll probably crack open a beer or two, look for catering to eat dinner, crack another beer or two, go onstage, play for about half an hour; then I crack a few more beers. Then I go out with Kenny for an encore, and then I crack a few more beers while we roll to the next city.

Do you ever play hip-hop for your cowboy buddies?

Oh, yeah! They love it. They come up on the bus—Rascal Flatts, Kenny Chesney. We'll all sit around listenin' to Jay-Z. It's kinda cool to see 'em sing, "I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one." They do like three-part harmonies with it.

Your previous albums are pretty party-heavy. Do you still do cocaine and other substances you used to talk about?

We just don't talk about it anymore. I've definitely had a lot of fun, but I haven't been *saved* or anything, I haven't been born again or nothin' like that. I have two daughters and one on the way. Sometimes when you're writin' songs, things like that'll make you wanna word things a little different. I get bored just like anybody else. Things are definitely slowin' down, but we're not goin' to church yet.

Did you really say that you haven't had sex in five years? If true, how do you resist all those hot groupie chicks?

I remember that. Somebody asked me, "When was your last booty call?" I've been married for six years; I was just bein' sarcastic. Booty calls just don't happen. I just don't give a fuck about none of them broads sittin' around backstage. I'm not that type of cat anyway.

***Was* there a time?**

That's why we used to do all those things I used to talk about.

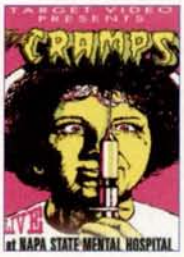
Do you and the missus have a certain "arrangement" while you're on the road, or are you a good boy?

The arrangement is that she'll murder me.

What have you come to love about the pop-star lifestyle?

I went from being broke to having a couple bucks. It's more comfortable than it was five years ago. I got a couple kids; so I feel a little bit older, but I still feel like the same fucker that walked outa high school. ■

NEWS



One of the coolest, strangest rock concerts in history has finally made it to DVD. In 1978, horror-rockabilly outfit **The Cramps** staged a free show for patients at the California State Mental Hospital in Napa, with hilarious results. As the gig progressed, the lunatics began taking over the asylum, so to speak, and a minor spectacle ensued. Besides offering the group's best material, this disc is one of a small handful of videos that feature the original Cramps lineup.

If we're to believe **Axl Rose**, **Guns N' Roses'** *Chinese Democracy* (minus all the Gunners except Rose himself) will finally be hitting record stores around the holidays. We're not holding our breath. Instead, check *Hollywood Rose: The Roots of Guns N' Roses*, which contains five demo tracks laid down in 1984 by Axl's pre-GNR outfit with guitarist **Izzy Stradlin**. A judge recently denied Rose's attempt to prevent Cleopatra Records from releasing *Hollywood Rose*, which also features remixes of original material from ex-GNR guitarist **Gilby Clarke** and onetime Cinderella drummer **Fred Coury.**

Jay-Z, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore! Or Indiana for that matter. That's because high-ranking bureaucrats have put the smack down on some 7,000 CDs earmarked for public-library shelves in the two Midwestern states. The CDs, from such artists as **OutKast** and **Rage Against the Machine**, were deemed objectionable and unsuitable. Guess they didn't want Junior switching from "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" to "Nigga gonna kick some mad rhymes, muthafucka."

Ten Years Gone: The Best of ***Everclear*** *1994-2004* is now available at record stores. The 21-track retrospective features all the megaplatinum band's hits (like "Santa Monica" and "I Will Buy You a New Life"), as well as movie-soundtrack contributions and two unreleased songs. Frontman **Art Alexakis** has also been busy with his political aspirations, having represented his home state of Oregon at the 2004 Democratic National Convention.

Mis-Teeq are Britain's answer to Destiny's Child, with seven Top Ten singles in their homeland. The hotties recently crossed the Pond and signed an American-label deal with Warner Bros. Pictured above is the cover of the ladies' first single. Titled *Scandalous*, it wound up as the theme song for *Catwoman*, which starred another beautiful black pussy, Halle Berry.

It's been a year of mixed blessings for fans of pivotal '70s rock outfit the **New York Dolls**. Bassist **Arthur Kane** succumbed to leukemia in L.A. this July at the age of 55. A month earlier, Kane and surviving members David Johansen and Syl Sylvain had reunited for London's Meltdown Festival. **Morrissey**—the Dolls' biographer, president of their fan club and the event's organizer—issued the following statement: "I am personally very grateful to Arthur for his essential contribution to the Dolls and their music.... He was a very gentle soul, and I know he lived for many years with the hope of a Dolls reunion. When this happened—at the Royal Festival Hall in June—I know Arthur was thrilled to be back with David and Sylvain, playing the music of the Dolls to such enthusiastic crowds over two nights. I will always remember the look of bashful happiness on Arthur's face as people in the audience constantly called out his name. He was finally back where he belonged."

Photo by Kirk Miles

Arthur Kane and a hot doll from a HUSTLER sister mag.

Dolls fans do have *something* to look forward to. The Meltdown Festival, the group's first and only concert in 30 years, was captured by a camera crew and recently released on CD and DVD under the title *Pre-Crash Condition*.

REVIEWS

Constantines
Constantines
Sub Pop

In a gesture to revitalize rock, the Constantines' debut album—which feigns revolution in a supposed attempt to destroy it—is now at last available in America. Often compared to Fugazi and The Clash—and rightfully so—the Canadian quintet gives voice to its generation and noise to its influences, recalling a time when music of this sort often conveyed political malaise. ("As long as we are dying, we want the death of rock 'n' roll," the Constantines rail in a track titled "Arizona.") Far from being derivative, this eponymous record is filled with tight musicianship and punk soul, making the extinction of rock seem a long way off. ***—Matthew Brand***

My Chemical Romance
Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge
Reprise

Mad as hatters, louder than bombs, New Jersey emo punkers My Chemical Romance kick and spit out a slew of catchy numbers with the hard-hitting *ka-pow!* of Mike Tyson. MCR stands head and shoulders above the competition by way of well-crafted tunes, which stick with you like your first kiss and hit you like a sack of doorknobs. Another strong suit is lead singer Gerard Way, who seals the deal with an emotionally charged voice that pleads like a mother watching her son being dragged to the gallows. Also, as opposed to other emo bands, MCR injects a black sense of humor into their material. Thus, *Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge* will bring a smirk to your face instead of a razor to your wrists. Veteran producer Howard Benson adds his shazaam and abracadabra, making this the perfect soundtrack for going over the edge—while maniacally laughing all the way down. ***—Tom Farrell***

SEASONAL SPOILS

Our friends at distributor Eagle Rock Entertainment have raided the vaults and come up with a handful of classic-rock DVDs to stuff your stockings and deck your halls in Dolby Digital 5.1 DTS. ***The Who: Live at the Isle of Wight Festival, 1970*** chronicles the legendary concert and includes an exclusive interview with Pete Townshend. ***Legends of Rock 'n' Roll*** features an evening with James Brown, Ray Charles, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and others in a 1989 concert in Rome. Finally, 1997's ***Music for Montserrat*** concert at the Royal Albert Hall starring Sting, Paul McCartney, Elton John and Carl Perkins (in one of his last performances) has been released on DVD. Like all the previously mentioned titles, it's fully remastered and delivered in ear-pleasing DTS Digital Surround Sound.

Nothing says Season's Greetings like a toy, and if said toy is a cute rubber duck that vibrates—even better. For S&M fans Big Teaze Toys offers No. 2 in its **I Rub My Duckie** collector's series, a merry waterproof vibrator/massager complete with handcuffs and bill gag; so quack that whip.

Speaking of "crack that whip," '80s techno geeks **Devo** have now released a DVD documenting their 2003 Japan tour. From Music Video Distributors, the disc features faves like "Whip It," "Girl U Want," "Satisfaction" and more.

Ah, here's a stocking we'd love to stuff: Kylie Minogue. She of the perfect ass has released ***Body Language Live*** on DVD as a companion to the recently released album of the same name. The DVD captures Minogue in all her rump-shaking glory during a promotional gig at London's Hammersmith Apollo. The concert, which cost over $1.8 million to produce, features material from *Body Language* and previous albums, a Q&A with Minogue, a photo gallery and videos for her newest tracks. All in surround sound.

What nicer way to say "Happy Hanukkah" than the story of a nice Jewish boy who leaves his small town to become a musical messiah? Check out ***Bob Dylan: Tales From a Golden Age, 1941-1966***. The DVD traces the life of the folk great up till his devastating 1966 motorcycle wreck and subsequent retreat from the spotlight. Made in association with Dylan fanzine *ISIS*, this DVD includes extensive interviews and rare footage.

Less Than Jake drummer Vinnie Fiorello, an avid toy collector, is kicking out a cool new line of toys under the moniker **Monkey vs. Robot**. Pictured left to right: Monkey Assassin, the Science Guy and Mechanical Robot.

If you're shopping for someone who's a little bit country, ***Hee Haw***—one of TV's corniest and sexiest offerings—has been released on DVD by Time/Life to mark the popular variety show's 35th anniversary. Appearing are such Nashville icons as Loretta Lynn, Conway Twitty, Charley Pride, Johnny Cash and Tammy Wynette.

If Halloween is your favorite holiday, pick up ***Elvira's Box of Horror*** and ***Elvira's Horror Classics*** from Time/Life. The former is a three-DVD box set containing six horror classics (the original versions of *The Little Shop of Horrors, Night of the Living Dead, House on Haunted Hill, The Brain That Wouldn't Die, Carnival of Souls* and *Dementia 13*), while the latter double-DVD pack contains *House on Haunted Hill* and *Night of the Living Dead.*

MELISSA AUF DER MAUR

Courtney's Bitch No More

Interview by Giddle Partridge

After stints with Hole and the Smashing Pumpkins, bass player Melissa Auf der Maur has left the nest and gone solo. Now with a new Capitol Records album (*Auf der Maur*), the Canadian-born Melissa speaks to HUSTLER about her social life, nocturnal influences and America's bad apple, Courtney Love.

How do you feel about Courtney calling her new band The Chelsea, considering that you once had one named The Chelseas?

That made me giggle. My band The Chelseas happened for one weekend; it was just sort of a one-off that I was doing with some of my girlfriends. Samantha Maloney [*Hole's former drummer, now with Love*] was involved in that; so I just sort of assumed that Samantha carried it over to Courtney's thing.

What other celebrities have you dated besides the little boy from *E.T.*? Aren't you currently dating Andrew W.K.?

Sweet Henry Thomas was my boyfriend many years ago. Yes, my sweet personal life is super sweet 'cause it's personal. But yes, I can openly say that Andrew is my sweetheart.

Is it true that aliens appeared in a dream and told you to become a rock star?

Yeah. Unfortunately, I was X-Filed. My big story was simplified to "aliens told me to play music." Actually it was a dream I had years ago about an unknown source, be it aliens or gods or the universe up above, offering humans this gift of sound. I woke up completely convinced that music would be the best way for me to connect with humans in this lifetime, and that's what I did.

You used "in this lifetime." Do you believe in reincarnation?

I've definitely been a horse in a past life. I was a witch who drowned in the ocean. I've been a bunch of different things—maybe a slave in Egypt who carried big, heavy stones on my back to help build a pyramid.

Have you ever seen a UFO?

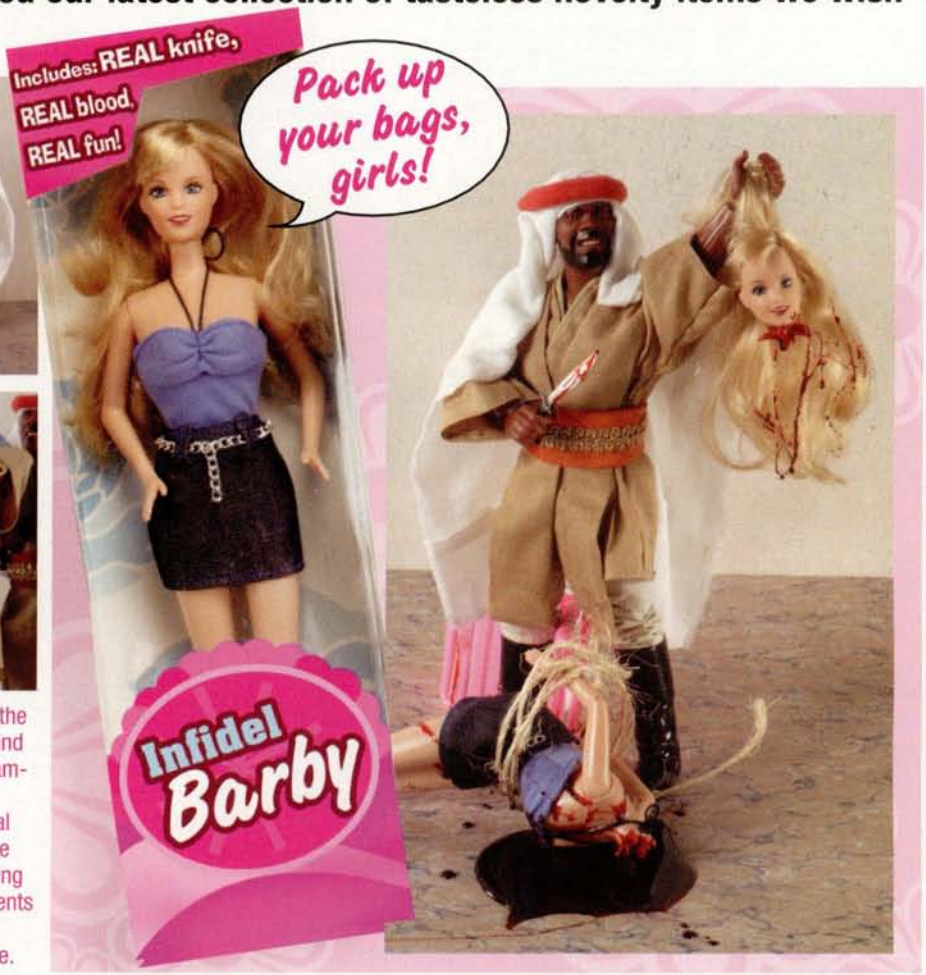
No, but I've been visited by ghosts. An odd androgynous ghost haunted me for about a year, teasing me by pouring water on my pillow at night and giving me the finger in silhouette form at the end of my bed.

What fashion trend do you find repulsive?

I'm not crazy about G-strings hanging out above pants or skirts. I'm really not into showing off the underwear in general.

HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

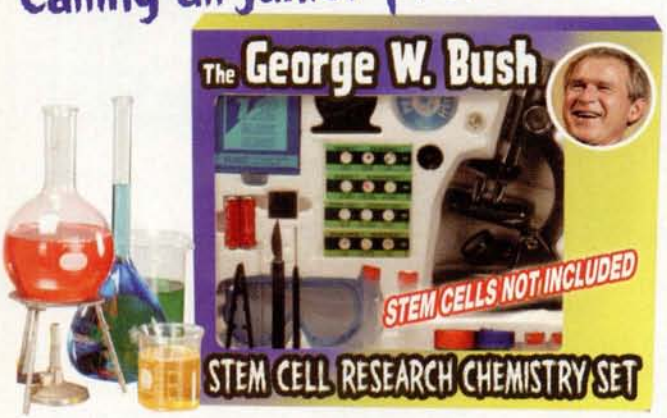
In celebration of the shameful consumer gluttony known as the Holiday Season, the twisted minds here bring you our latest collection of tasteless novelty items we wish really existed. Enjoy!



Barby is headed to the Middle East! Thanks to the jobless recovery here in the U.S., Barby can't find employment. So she has to sell her Barby Dreamhouse and Barby Corvette and go to work for Halliburton in Iraq. Imagine that you're part of al Qaeda. You and your fellow thugs get to capture this icon of American capitalism, send tormenting letters to her family, videotape those last moments as she pleads for her life (to be aired on Al-Jazeera TV) and, finally, end her vapid existence.

HUSTLER Parody. No such products exist. This is a parody gift guide, and only an asshole would believe that these items are real.

Calling all junior professors!



With this Dubya-approved chemistry set you can pretend to be a real-life brainy scientist and spend years trying to do the impossible: find cures for paralysis, diabetes and Alzheimer's while being strangled by government regulations. It's the ultimate mind-boggling toy!

Please note: Product comes "as is." No refunds, exchanges or sob stories. George W. Bush Inc. assumes no responsibility (as usual) for suffering, loss or pain.

YOU'RE ALWAYS IN CHARGE!

The Iraqis are under your power! You control their every move! After you've gotten rid of Saddam Hussein and promised the Iraqi people "full sovereignty," put your Iraqi puppet in "charge" and have him carry out your bidding. All the puppets are interchangeable; so it doesn't matter who the interim president is. You're calling the shots, just like the White House!

The Billy Joel Radio-Controlled Car!

GUYS AND GALS!

Are you ready for some high-speed racing fun? Only you can prevent Billy Joel from having his fourth traffic accident! He won't listen to ex-wife Christie Brinkley, and the police are too starstruck to revoke his license; so you've got to save the citizens, houses, trees and fire hydrants of Long Island from further destruction! Prevent the Piano Man from killing himself so he can put out more CDs. On second thought....

Emergency!

Emergency! Attention, all medical personnel! The Vice President has had another heart attack and requires immediate surgery! As Dick Cheney's physician, only you can save his life with your skillful and steady hands. If you're successful, there's no telling what he might do next. But if you make a mistake, the VP's nose turns red, and he dies an agonizing death. For maximum enjoyment you can make him croak over and over; it's hours of fun for the whole family!

ABU GHRAIB

Prison Toy Electrocution Set!

Hey, folks! Here's your chance to be one of the military's "bad apples." If this innocent Iraqi doesn't divulge information about al Qaeda, just fry his miserable ass in the name of democracy. If anyone catches you, use this line: "Heck, it's not *my* fault. The brass never trained me on how to treat an Arab like an actual human being." You'll have hours of fun torturing this poor civilian and keeping the world safe from evil terrorists (*wink, wink*). Batteries *and* ethics not included!

DO YOU WANT TO BE RICH AND POWERFUL?

Just like the big shots at Halliburton, now you can play their game of world domination and corporate profit! Roll the dice, call the White House and secure a lucrative government contract. Then take over the oil wells in your opponent's country—and eventually the country itself! Check your conscience at the door; this is serious business!

Not recommended for Iraqis or aging hippies.

HALLIBURTON
IT'S NOT JUST A GAME—IT'S REALITY!
This stuff makes me nervous
Paul the HUSTLER lawyer says
COMES WITH LOADED DICE!

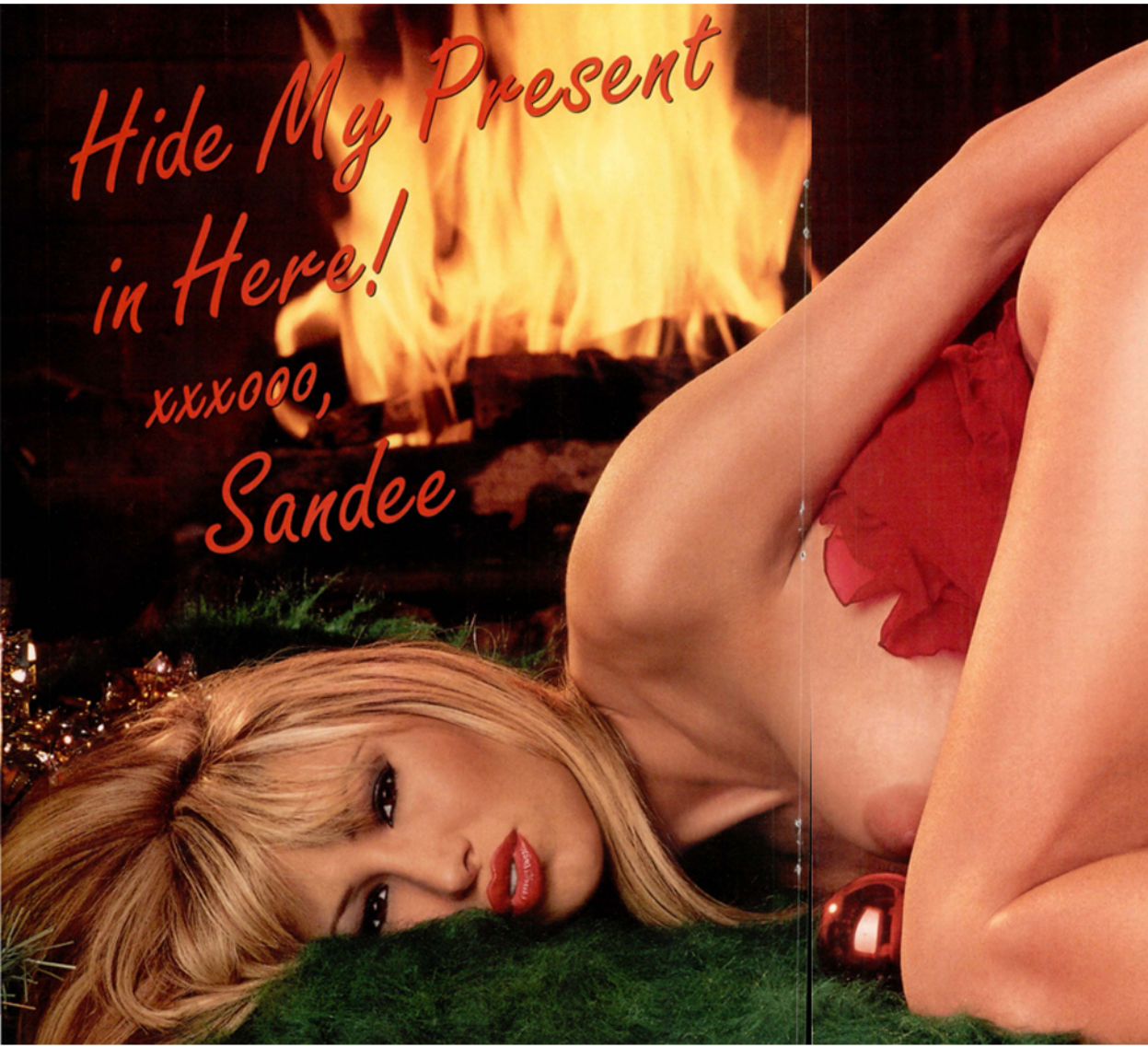
SANDEE
STOCKING STUFFER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

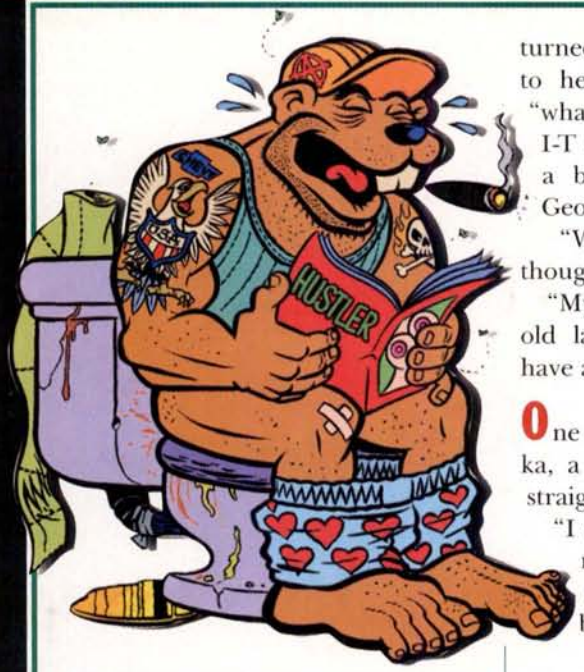
With her tasty DDs and killer curves, Sandee doesn't look like a computer geek, but she designed and updates three Web sites, as well as her own: SandeeWestgate.com. "It's a full-time job," the brabusting cybergal explains. Half Sicilian, the top-heavy Taurus hopes to visit Italy someday. "I'd like to learn more about my heritage."

And how does she keep that hot bod in such great shape? The stunning Californian has a diet that sounds only partially Atkins-inspired. "I try to stay away from carbs as much as possible," Sandee says. "I also love rich desserts with lots of chocolate." (Is it all going to her sumptuous tits and ass?)

Despite being an admitted homebody, the 25-year-old enjoys walking her dog at local parks and shopping for lingerie. "I go wild at Victoria's Secret," she giggles. "I'm absolutely crazy for a woman in thigh-high stockings and a garter belt." So are we, Sandee.


Hide My Present
in Here!
xxxooo,
Sandee

HUSTLER
HONEY HOLIDAY 2004
CALL 1-800-HUSTLER
(1-800-487-8537)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.



HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

A department-store Santa had little Larry on his lap and said, "I bet I know what you want for Christmas. You want some"—touching the boy's nose with his finger as he spelled out the word—"T-O-Y-S."

"No, I've got plenty of toys," the tyke replied.

"Then," Santa offered, "I bet you want some G-A-M-E-S!"

"No, I've got all the games I want too," little Larry snorted.

"Well, kid, if you don't want any toys or games for Christmas, what *do* you want?" Santa asked.

"I want some P-U-S-S-Y," the brat replied, touching Santa's nose with each letter. "And don't tell me you don't have any, because I can smell it on your finger!"

Question: What's the difference between a sperm cell and a lawyer?

Answer: The sperm cell has a shot at becoming a human being.

An elderly woman riding on a train was doing a crossword puzzle, but she was stumped on one clue. Eventually the exasperated biddy turned to the commuter seated next to her. "Young man," she asked, "what's a four-letter word ending in I-T that is found at the bottom of a birdcage and that President George W. Bush is full of?"

"Well," said the man after some thought, "that would have to be *grit*."

"My goodness, you're right!" the old lady exclaimed. "Say, do you have an eraser?"

One day, after striking gold in Alaska, a lonesome prospector headed straight to the nearest town's saloon.

"I want a couple of beers and the meanest, roughest and toughest whore in the Yukon!" he bellowed to the bartender.

"We got her," the barkeep responded as he fetched some cold ones. "She's upstairs in the second room on the right."

The prospector handed over a gold nugget to pay for the harlot and his brews. After grabbing a bottle in each hand, he stomped up the stairs, kicked open the second door on the right and yelled, "I'm lookin' for the meanest, roughest and toughest whore in the Yukon!"

The fortyish woman inside the room looked at the intruder and exclaimed, "You found her!" Then she stripped naked, bent over with her back to him and grabbed both ankles.

"How'd you know I want to do it in *that* position?" the wild-eyed prospector asked.

"I didn't," the jezebel muttered. "I just thought you might like to open those beers first."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *impotent loser* as: a guy who can't even get his hopes up.

Driving her sports car erratically, a gorgeous blonde was pulled over by a state trooper. The lawman promptly asked her to get out of the vehicle, but as she did, he caught her slyly putting a tiny object in her mouth.

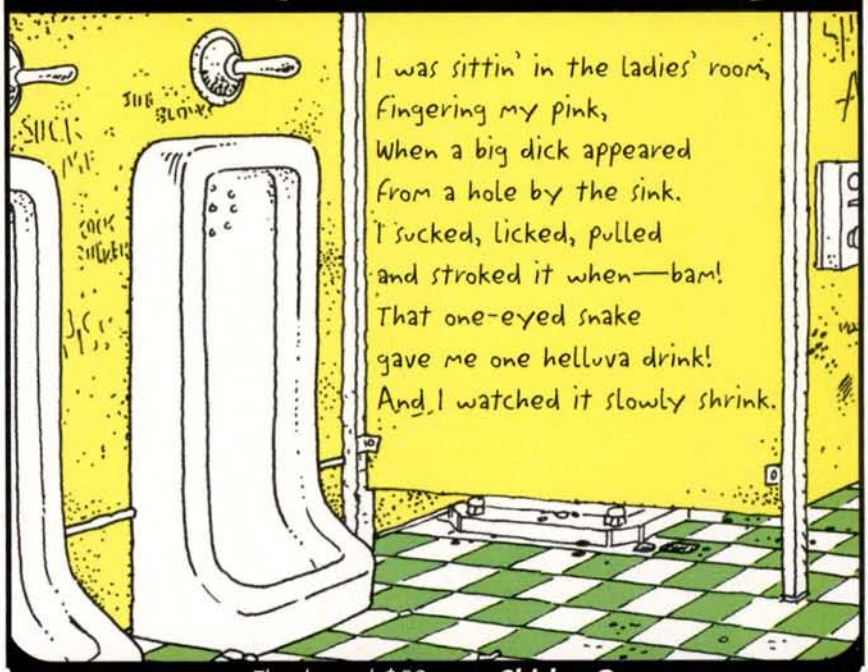
"Did I just see you trying to swallow something, Miss?" the trooper barked, thinking it had been drugs.

"Yep," replied the blonde. "That was just my birth-control pill, Officer."

"Birth-control pill?" the confused copper reiterated.

"Yeah," the blonde explained. "The minute I saw your flashing lights in the mirror, I knew I was fucked!"

GRAFFILTHY

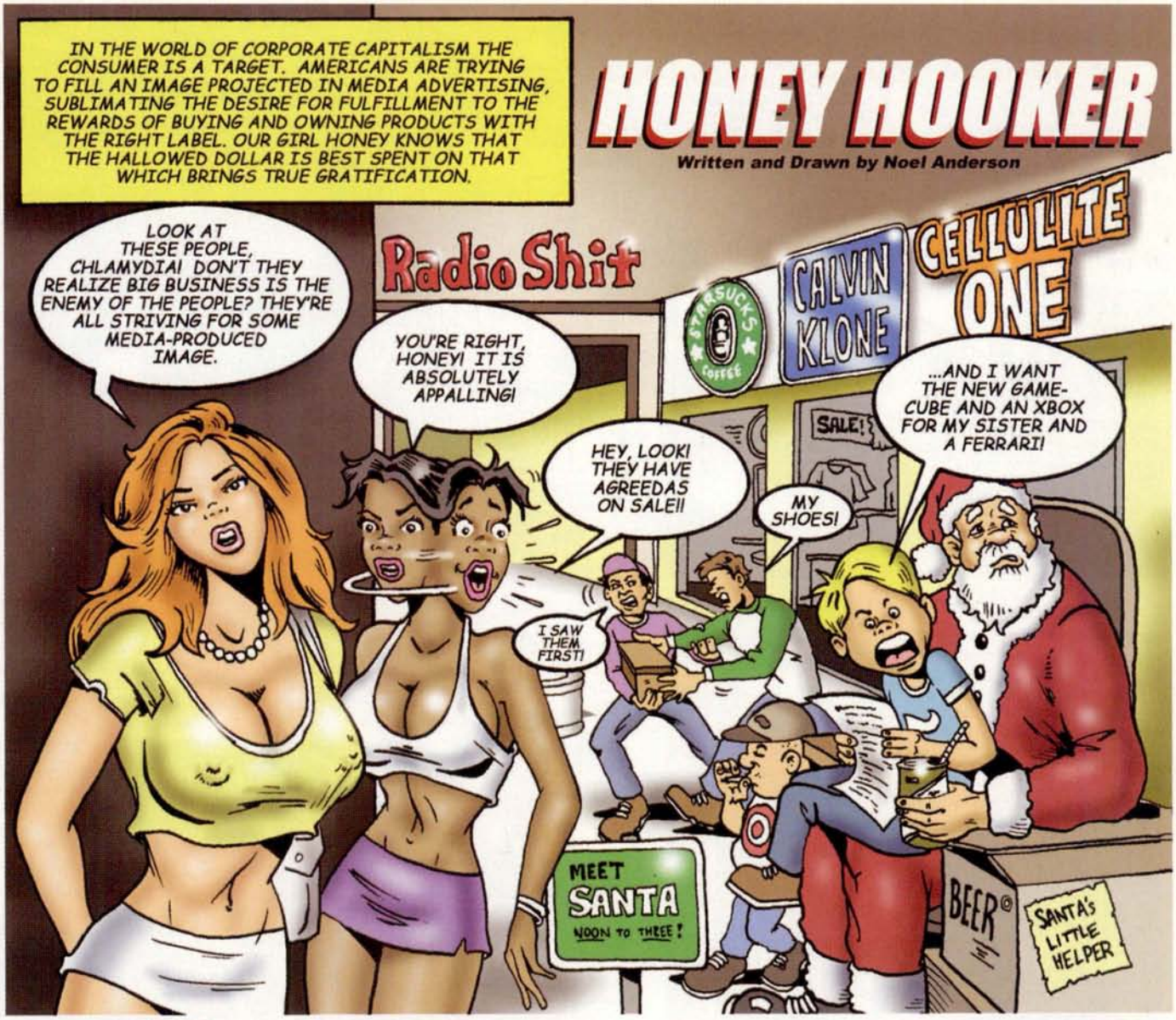

I was sittin' in the ladies' room,
Fingering my pink,
When a big dick appeared
From a hole by the sink.
I sucked, licked, pulled
and stroked it when—bam!
That one-eyed snake
gave me one helluva drink!
And I watched it slowly shrink.

Thanks and $50 go to ***Shirlee G.***

HONEY HOOKER

Written and Drawn by Noel Anderson

IN THE WORLD OF CORPORATE CAPITALISM THE CONSUMER IS A TARGET. AMERICANS ARE TRYING TO FILL AN IMAGE PROJECTED IN MEDIA ADVERTISING, SUBLIMATING THE DESIRE FOR FULFILLMENT TO THE REWARDS OF BUYING AND OWNING PRODUCTS WITH THE RIGHT LABEL. OUR GIRL HONEY KNOWS THAT THE HALLOWED DOLLAR IS BEST SPENT ON THAT WHICH BRINGS TRUE GRATIFICATION.

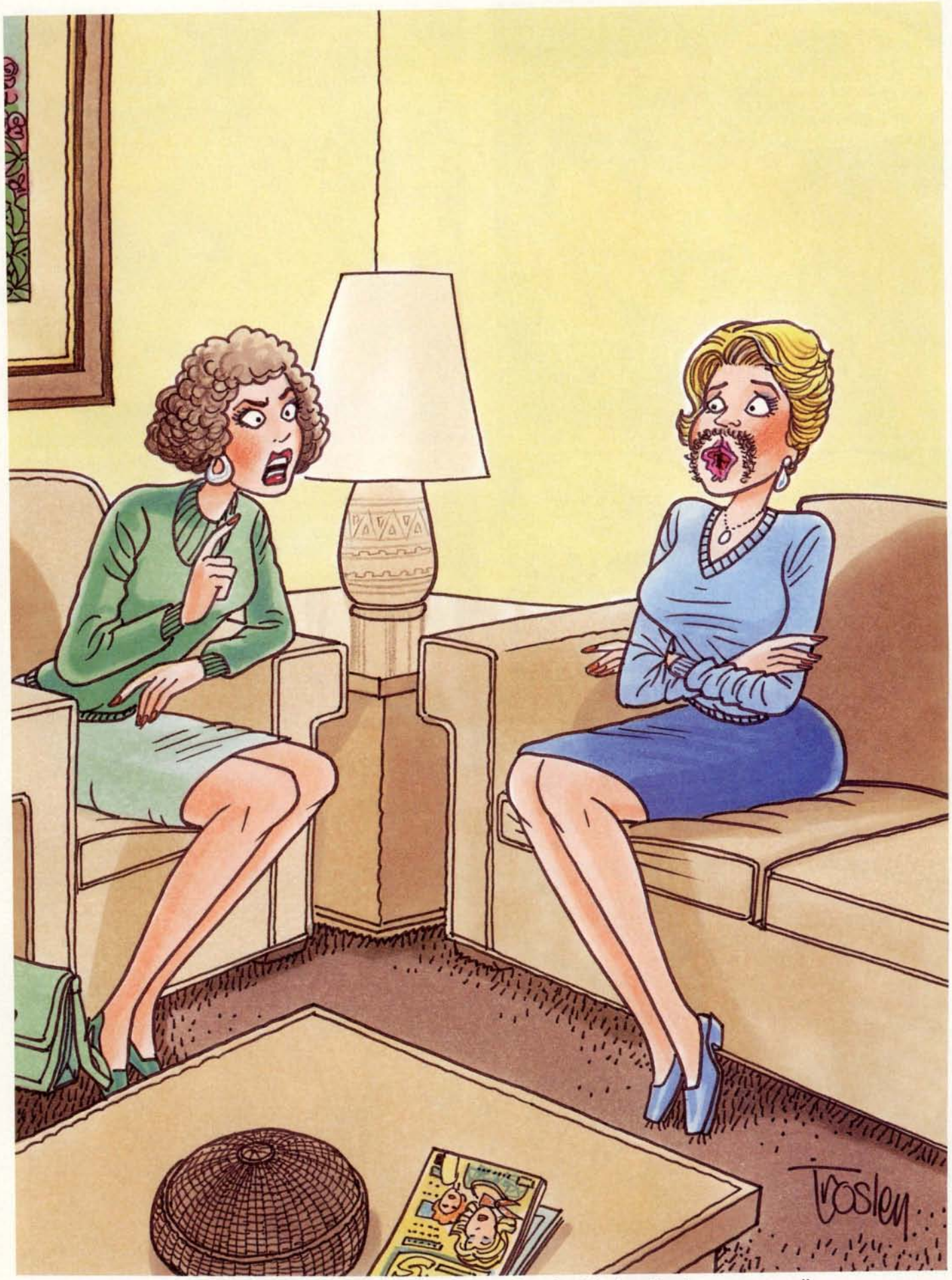

LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE, CHLAMYDIA! DON'T THEY REALIZE BIG BUSINESS IS THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE? THEY'RE ALL STRIVING FOR SOME MEDIA-PRODUCED IMAGE.
YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY! IT IS ABSOLUTELY APPALLING!
Radio Shit
STARSUCKS COFFEE
CALVIN KLONE
CELLULITE ONE
SALE!
HEY, LOOK! THEY HAVE AGREEDAS ON SALE!!
...AND I WANT THE NEW GAME-CUBE AND AN XBOX FOR MY SISTER AND A FERRARI!
MY SHOES!
I SAW THEM FIRST!
MEET SANTA NOON TO THREE!
BEER
SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

PEOPLE ARE TOO EASILY ENTICED BY THE MOMENTARY SATISFACTION OF OWNING THE LATEST FAD!
YOU AIN'T COOL WITHOUT AGREEDAS. SHOES
THAT'S SO TRUE!
LOOK AT THOSE JUGS!
GIVE ME TEN OF THOSE!
SALE

CORPORATE PROFITEERS ARE MAKING OUR CHOICES FOR US! CHOICE IS REDUCED TO A BRAND NAME, RIGHT, SANTA?
WHATEVER! SAY, WOULD YOU AND YOUR TITS CARE TO JOIN ME FOR A WALK?
WAH!
NINTEN-DOUGH

CHRISTMAS SHOULD BE A SPIRITUAL TIME! A TIME TO RENEW OUR COMMITMENT TO PEACE AND LOVE!
YEAH! YOU BROADS ARE RIGHT! WE SHOULD BE CELEBRATING THE IMPORTANT THINGS, LIKE THE BIRTH OF...
...JESUS CHRIST?
...RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER!
buy MOTOYS
TODAY'S SPECIAL SHRIMP SALAD W/ LOW-CUT DRESSING!
Phony
Ambercrom & Bitch
Crap
Dict Cock
MOMENTS LATER, IN AN ALLEY...
I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO USE THIS TIME OF YEAR TO EXPRESS OUR LOVE OF OUR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS!
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE!
YEAH, THAT'S IT! LICK SANTA'S CANDY CANE!
YOU SEE, CHLAMYDIA? BY SHOWING OUR LOVE WE'RE MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE!
Cola
CONSUME IT!
NY
OH, YEAH! SUCK ON MY YULE LOG, GIRLS! HO-HO-HO!!
SANTA, YOU KNOW IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE...SO GET TO WORK!

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC DOESN'T JUST WANT TO BUY INTO CONSUMER TRENDS! CONSUMERS WANT SOME REAL FULFILLMENT AND GRATIFICATION!
SLURP!
OH, BELIEVE ME...I'M GRATIFIED! I AM GRATIFIED!
JUDGING BY THE SIZE OF YOUR STOCKING STUFFER, MRS. CLAUS IS TOO!
OH, THIS IS GOOD! I USUALLY ONLY GET TO COME ONCE A YEAR, AND EVEN THEN IT'S JUST DOWN A CHIMNEY!
WELL, REMEMBER ME THIS CHRISTMAS EVE!
SQUIRT
LATER...
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT GUY REALLY WAS SANTA! DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE?
HE DID HAVE A SPECIAL GLOW ABOUT HIM!
LOOK, MOM! HERE COMES SANTA WALKING DOWN THE STREET TOWARD US! MAY I GO TELL HIM WHAT I'D LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?
OH, I GUESS SO, BILLY! BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!
SANTA, I'D LIKE A... OOF!!
CLOTHES-LINE!!
HEH-HEH-HEH...MAN, I SURE COULD GO FOR A DRINK!
THUMP
END!



"Your first mistake was letting your husband pick the plastic surgeon...."

LYNNE CHENEY'S TWISTED *Sisters*

HUSTLER takes a peek at the prurient book that should have been in everyone's stocking this year and offers a stunning visual re-creation of the Second Lady's dark desires.

What could warm your stomach more than a cup of Yuletide cider or eggnog? Reading a cheap pulp novel that plumbs the prurient depths of rape, lesbianism, incest and menstruation. Indeed, there is such a tawdry tale, and it was written by of all people Mrs. Richard Cheney, wife of the Vice President of the United States and a matron of the first order in the *über*-moral Radical Right.

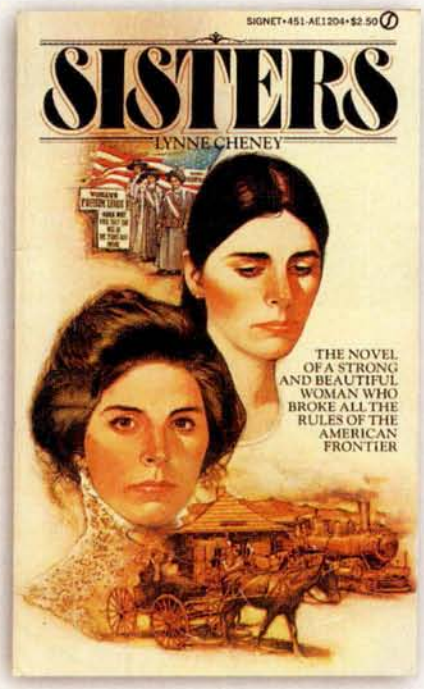
First released by New American Library in 1981, Lynne Cheney's *Sisters* was apparently her furtive stab at what could best be described as "woman's porn"—paperback romance novels. Although the tome had been far from a best-seller and quickly forgotten, the publisher planned a reissue coinciding with the Republican National Convention. New American Library even agreed to let HUSTLER excerpt a chapter from the now-nearly-impossible-to-find volume—copies of which have been listed on eBay for as high as $2,500.

But before *Sisters* could roll into its second press run, something strange happened: The publisher suddenly balked at a rerelease. After Mrs. Cheney got word that *Sisters* was to be reprinted, her lawyer, Robert Barnett, contacted the publisher. "I told them that she did not think the book was her best work," Barnett later said. "If there is a serious demand for this 25-year-old book, I am confident that America's used-book stores will be able to satisfy it."

That seems a little odd, given the demand for *Sisters* and America's lucrative penchant for gobbling even the arcane and sometimes juvenile literary musings of people who became famous later in life.

Perhaps New American Library was offered a more enticing incentive than prominent shelf space at Brentano's and Borders? Perhaps.

In a 2001 interview with the *New York Times* the author herself claimed that she couldn't even remember the storyline. Given the Bush-Cheney Administration's unrelenting war against all things sexual, Mrs. Cheney's drawing a blank on the plot of *Sisters* certainly comes at a most convenient time.


SIGNET•451-AE1204•$2.50
SISTERS
LYNNE CHENEY
THE NOVEL OF A STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO BROKE ALL THE RULES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

The truth is, sexual undercurrents of a darker vein run deep through the predictable narrative, which is set in Wyoming in the late 1800s. The main character, Sophie, is a successful woman living on the East Coast and publisher of a famous journal. Back home, her sister Helen has just died under mysterious circumstance, having fallen down some stairs. Yet was it an accident, or had Helen been pushed? Sophie decides to find out.

During her search for the truth about her sister's sad fate, she realizes that Helen may have had a lesbian affair with their schoolteacher, one Amy Travers. Or did she?

Sophie breaks into Travers's home and finds love letters written to Helen. Sophie's journey finally leads to the realization that her sister's embrace of another woman hadn't been a purely sexual adventure, but rather true love.

Along the way to this dime-store epiphany, the reader is treated to convoluted revelations of rape (Helen at the hands of her husband, and two close calls for Sophie—once as a kid and once with the drunken spouse of a prostitute), as well as detailed descriptions of feminine-hygiene products of the period.

The sinister apex of *Sisters* is incest—an old literary twist for ramping up a page-turner—and Mrs. Cheney gives it her *Chinatown* best as Sophie discovers that her uncle (Mom's brother) is actually her father, and it all ties into a bizarre ménage à trois involving her indulgent grandparents.

Does that clear it up for you?

Probably not, but if you can find a copy of *Sisters* either online or at a store that carries out-of-print books, the darker side of Lynne Cheney's imagination is worth a read.

Research for this article provided by Dan Kapelovitz. For free chunks of the literary potboiler, visit the satiric Web site WhiteHouse.org.

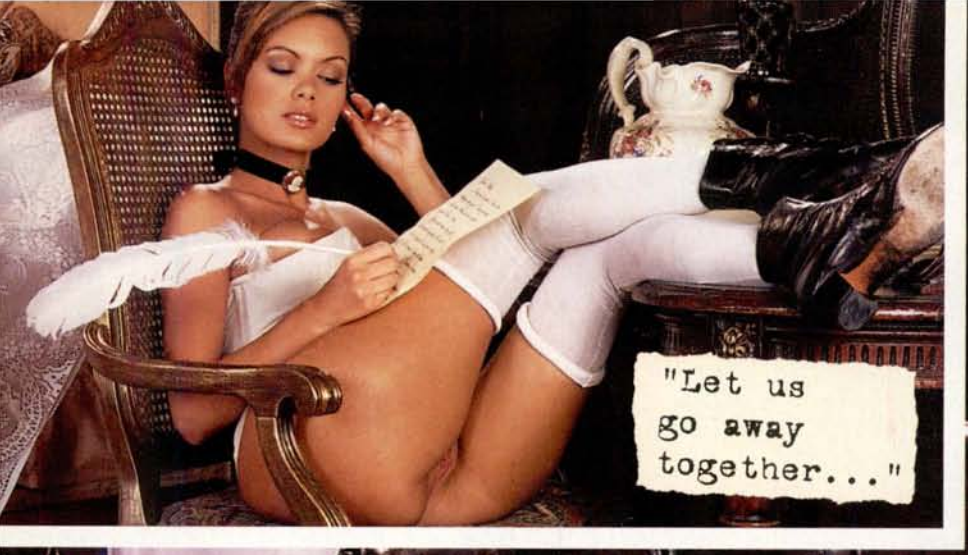
HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

Sisters

PENNY & CRISSY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

HUSTLER's fantasy pictorial interprets and excerpts a tawdry novel written by the Vice President's wife.


"Let us
go away
together..."

She opened the volume on the bedside table and took out the letter she had put there earlier.

"I shall read to you while you work your cross-stitch in the firelight."
"There will be only the two of us."

"The young woman was...a curvesome creature"

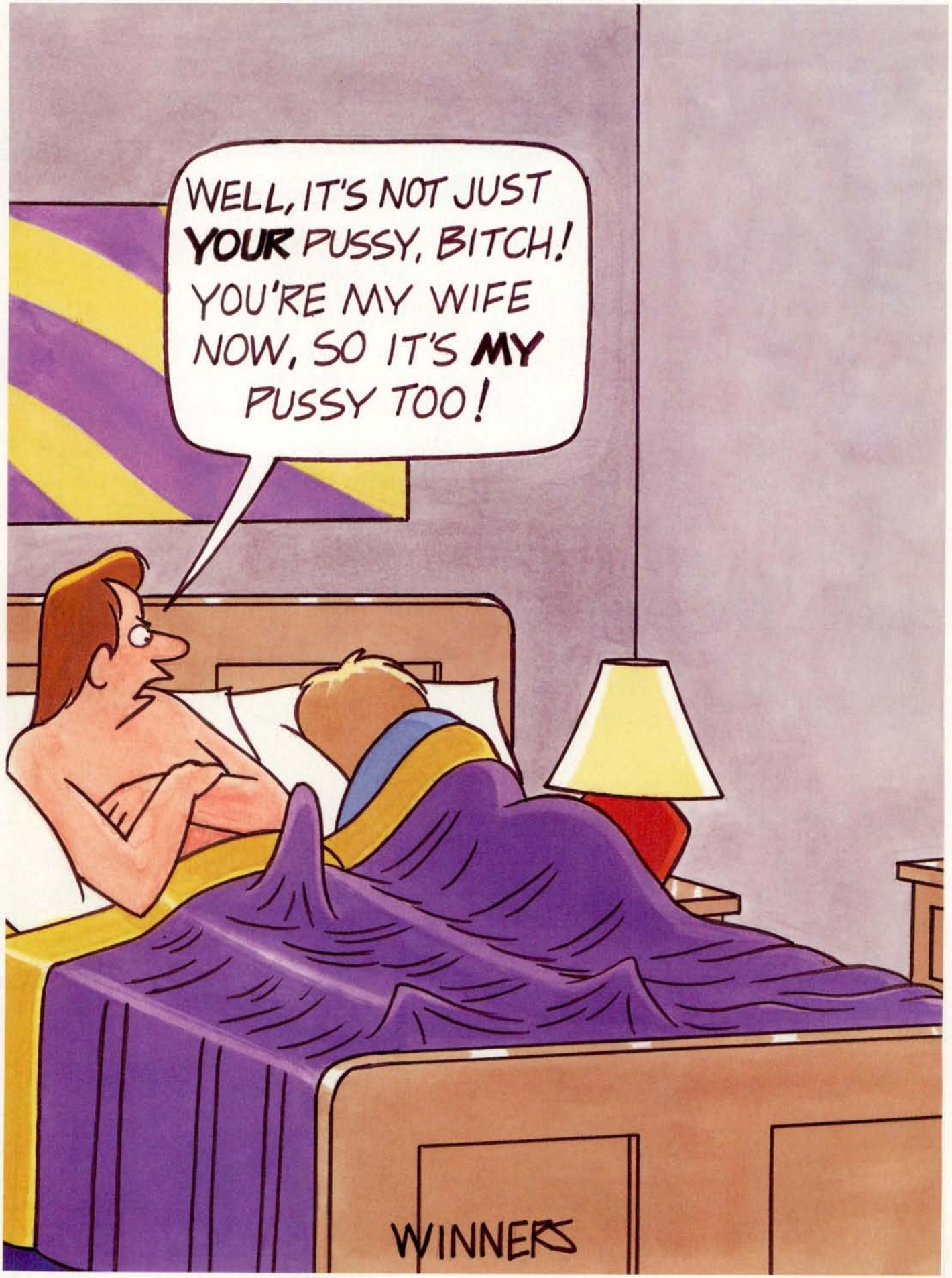
"...and cheek."

"...rounded
at bosom"

"We shall go to
bed, our bed, my
dearest girl."

The women...had a passionate, loving intimacy.
How strong it made them.

What comfort
it gave.


WELL, IT'S NOT JUST YOUR PUSSY, BITCH! YOU'RE MY WIFE NOW, SO IT'S MY PUSSY TOO!
WINNERS

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

Edited by Jackie Kickassis

Just Over Eighteen #9's Veronica receives well over 18 penile strokes in her tender vagina and the obligatory seminal spillage.

"There's gonna be cake after, right?" coos Gwen Nicole in *Just Over Eighteen #9*.

Ryan Star doesn't know whether to suck it or jump rope with it in *Just Over Eighteen #9*.

Just Over Eighteen #9

Director: David Luger

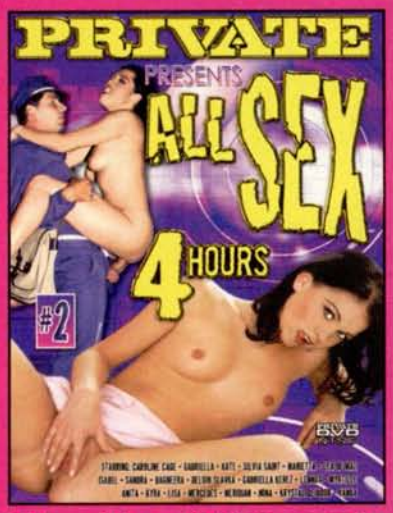
Starring: Ryan Star, Christie, Veronica, Gwen Nicole, Lauryl Berry, Britney Madison, Jon Dough, Scott Lyons, Tony T., Darren James, T.T. Boy, Erik Everhard, Bret Rockman and Michael Stefano

DVD & VHS: Red Light District Video

What's the sound of one hand clapping? That would be the sound of trying to applaud the talent scout for *Just Over Eighteen #9* if only my right hand were free. Perky little Christie and jugtacular tramp Britney Madison deliver pud-pounding excitement, while the rest of the cast are newcomers hot enough to knock you on your ass. How shit-grinning blond Ryan Star learned to suck cock so well by the tender age of 18 is a mystery for the *XXX-Files*, but thankfully she does it! The first-person POV shots of Ryan swallowing choad are the next best thing to actually banging her. Brunet Lauryl Berry seems wasted on something, but I'm hooked on her schoolgirl looks and goofy charm. *Just Over Eighteen #9* is a pure point-and-shoot stroke flick packed with six hot legal-teen babes who are dying to fuck. They make it look so easy.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

PRIVATE RELEASES



Private Video, Europe's largest producer of erotica, has launched a new fetish-oriented series under the banner Pirate Video. Promising to explore all corners of the fetish genre, Pirate's DVD line will showcase three 30-minute vignettes from director Frank "Master of Kink" Thring. The premier release—containing the first four volumes of the Pirate series, including *Fetish Hotel*, *Women on Top* and *Rich Bitch*—will be available in an exclusive boxed set. Each DVD has fully interactive menus, direct access to chapters, digital-stereo sound, "Making of" reports, and performer profiles.

Private USA has also culled exclusive scenes from its bounteous vaults for the *All Sex* series, four-hour compilations in DVD format. The first installment of the series should have hit stores in late summer, and Private will be releasing four additional installments on a monthly basis.

*Alexis Malone finds something better than the Stairmaster in **HUSTLER Centerfolds #1**.*

*Kelly shows the benefits of a better HMO in **White-Hot Nurses #3**.*

*Nothing like a run in the nylons to piss off a girl. **Azz Fest #4**'s Courtney Devine goes postal.*

***HUSTLER Centerfolds #1**: Nicole Sheridan doesn't mind sucking dick as long as the city's leash laws are obeyed.*

White-Hot Nurses #3's Liz Honey works her bedside manner.

Brooke Milano wonders why Alberto Rey has his mouth open and just what the hell he's looking at in **SWYG #5**.

Jessica Darlin goes down like the Titanic in **Azz Fest #4**.

White-Hot Nurses #3

Director: Patrick Handsome

Starring: Liz Honey, Aniko, Sevrine, Sonia, Sharon Babe, Tera Joy, Kathy Anderson, Kelly, Alena, JPX, David Perry, Zoltan and Bob Terminator

DVD & VHS: HUSTLER Video

If masturbation could make you go blind, you'd be in serious need of medical attention after watching *White-Hot Nurses #3*. Premature ejaculators won't get three seconds into it before spilling a load, as wave after wave of spectacular Euro-babes drain your nads of future generations. Liz Honey lights a fire in your groin with her heaving chest, amazing body and heavy moaning while bouncing on beef stick. D-cup blond Aniko surrenders her holes for a DP-thrashing. Mouthwatering brunette Sevrine throws hot looks at Sonia while they ream each other with a ribbed glass dildo. But the wildest scene is a full-on orgy with four nympho nurses, two dudes and a strap-on. Kathy Anderson is three-hole-punched as a prick-wielding Tera Joy packs Kathy's fudge while bucking like a bronco. With its symphony of mind-blowing sex noises, even the blind can pop a nut over *White-Hot Nurses #3*.

—J.P.

HUSTLER Centerfolds #1

Director: Richard Hamilton

Starring: Katsumi, Nicole Sheridan, Jessica Jaymes, Tanya James, Alexis Malone, Sue Diamond, Chris, Voodoo, John West, Bret Rockman and Anthony Hardwood

DVD & VHS: HUSTLER Video

Where the hell has *HUSTLER Centerfolds #1* been all this time? Such a surefire hit should have been the first flick out of the gate for HUSTLER Video. Thankfully, stunners like Jessica Jaymes and Alexis Malone—who just recently graced the mag's center stage—are worth the fucking wait. Smokin'-hot blonde Tanya James and modelesque melon stand Jessica Jaymes have a sizzling lesbian tryst that starts out slow and sexy, but ends with Jessica strapping on a plastic schlong and pounding the shit out of Tanya. Foul-mouthed Jessica even spits on the camera lens, turning a glamorous scene into one of the vid's nastiest. Alexis Malone—who hasn't lost the baby fat in her ass cheeks, but has zero fat on the rest of her fine bod—fucks hard and deep. And frisky Eurasian Katsumi, doing two guys, is awesome. *HUSTLER Centerfolds #1* has cherry-picked the best of the best and cranks the raunch to 11.

—J.P.

Sex With Young Girls #5

Director: Tyrone Shuz

Starring: Giselle Collins, Lily Thai, Katin, Brooke Milano, Sophia, Manuel Ferrara, Alberto Rey, Chris Charming, Mick Blue and Mr. Pete

DVD & VHS: New Sensations

Pedophiles turned on by the title will be disappointed to find that *Sex With Young Girls #5* is bursting with fully legal and extremely nasty sluts. Meanwhile, the rest of us will be creaming our jeans as brabusting redhead Katin tackles two cocks at once, and gorgeous Asian squirt-gun Lily Thai turns her pubic mound into a Slip 'n Slide. Brooke Milano shines as a petite sex kitten with a moony face tailor-made for crashing a mayonnaise truck all over. The cock-crazed cutie handles a pair of meat sticks like a sex machine in a gloriously long sequence that culminates with a messy facial. Unfortunately, Brooke's squeezable, bubbly bottom escapes both of her swordsmen unscathed, blowing your chance to see this hottie DP'd. However, Brooke fans *are* treated to a ball-draining twofer as part of the DVD version's meaty bonus material. Finally, a voluptuous blonde named Sophia is blown away by her orgasmic rut, but not half as much as you will be by *Sex With Young Girls #5*.

—J.P.

Azz Fest #4

Director: Van Styles

Starring: Jessica Darlin, Mika Tan, Courtney Devine, Pandora Dreams, Rossanna De La Vega, Kurt Lockwood and Brian Surewood

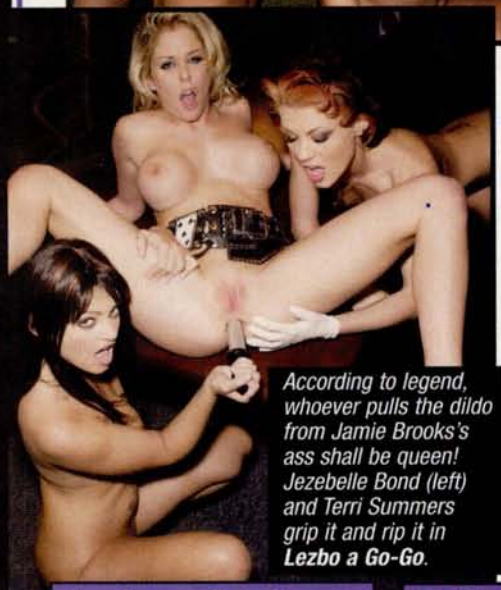
DVD & VHS: Video Team

Azz Fest #4 features a bevy of multicultural cuties that looks like a Benneton ad for porn. In the looks department, newcummer Pandora Dreams takes the cake with her slutty demeanor and outstandingly huge tits 'n' ass. Unlike the other gals in this flick, Pandora doesn't surrender her browneye, but she does a hearty job with a talented mouth and pussy. Courtney Devine hosts *Azz Fest #4*'s best sex scene—ironically, not with her keister, but with her incredible deep-throat skills. As for the rest of the pack, the girls seem to have one common thread: None of them really seem to like having a big, hard cock shoved up their bungholes, and despite all the "Ooh, yeah, baby" crap, most of these chicks look about as comfortable as a Yankees fan watching a baseball game at Boston's Fenway Park—and that ain't too comfortable, folks. Although Van Styles offers up innovative camera angles and cool, artsy sets, the director's overall vision doesn't save his opus from mediocrity. Nothing special, *Azz Fest #4* may be good for one round of shuffle on the ol' piss pump.

—Jackie Kickassis

The Legacy's Maria Bellucci (left) and Nathalia Sheridan do a double-header.

*Aurora Snow ain't the only one bored with **Delilah**.*



*According to legend, whoever pulls the dildo from Jamie Brooks's ass shall be queen! Jezebelle Bond (left) and Terri Summers grip it and rip it in **Lezbo a Go-Go**.*

*Mandy Bright gets her teeth cleaned in **The Legacy**.*

Lezbo a Go-Go

Director: Antonio Passolini

Starring: Tanya James, Terri Summers, Breanne, Jezebelle Bond, Jamie Brooks, Katja Kassin, Gia Paloma, Jennifer Luv, Gia Jordan, Felix Vicious and Charisma Cole

DVD & VHS: VCA Pictures

Smirking hipsters and aging strokers longing for the golden-age '80s will dig on *Lezbo a Go-Go*'s cheesy throwback vibe. The colors are Day-Glo bright, but smeared with a soft-focus haze that smacks of vintage blue-screen vids. The chilled-out music and slo-mo dildo shots make this flick the porn equivalent of a lava lamp. The mellow pace ensures that you won't pop your load until you're ready. While there's plenty of '80s classics that will get your rocks off, this flick has the benefit of a ton of today's hottest new stars. Hopefully, foxy brunette Breanne will start fucking guys one of these days, but for now it's a pleasure just to bust a nut over her sizzling bod. Rabid Tanya James and Jennifer Luv fans will also go ga-ga for *Lezbo a Go-Go*. **—J.P.**

Delilah

Director: Michael Raven

Starring: Kaylani Lei, Teanna Kai, Ashley Long, Aurora Snow, Fallon Sommers, Steven St. Croix, Dale, John West, Joey Ray and Jay Ashley

DVD & VHS: Private Media Group

You're more likely to sport wood watching a Mentos commercial than to get any action in the pants from *Delilah*. Nevertheless, this flick should appeal to some viewers. Fans of B-grade sci-fi will love the plot twists involving virtual reality, while *Godzilla* or kung-fu action aficionados will get a kick out of hearing American porn stars redubbed into English. Despite the presence of consummate performers like Ashley Long and Aurora Snow, the sex is pretty lame. A string of deep dickings is little more than short-and-choppy plot diversions. It seems probable that the masterminds behind *Delilah* weren't even trying to make a stroke offering. Check it out with your beer buddies next time you need a laugh. **—J.P.**

The Legacy

Director: Michael Bernini

Starring: Mandy Bright, Maria Bellucci, Nathalia Sheridan, Katalin Stone, Claudia Ferrari, Federica Zarri and Zenza Raggi

DVD & VHS: Pureplay

This flawed fuck flick features too much dick-shrinking B-roll, and the reptilian, camera-mugging Euro pudstuds tend to be a real soft-on. The female cast members, however, are a different story. True treat for the testicles are Claudia Ferrari, Maria Bellucci and *AVN* award-winner Mandy Bright, who put out like the shameless sexpots they are. *The Legacy*'s production quality is also a big plus, particularly when razor-sharp twat shots fill the screen in all their glistening glory. After some standard cocksucking, missionary and doggy action, the flesh-pounding degenerates into several swell but skanky excursions into anal. It all climaxes in a delightfully depraved two-couple finale, but it's too bad that we have to suffer through so much cheesy setup and lame story to get there. **—Max Frost**

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of XXX productions reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Swallow Every Drop (Lethal HC)
Lauren Phoenix, Renee Pomero, Isabel, Jessica Sweet, Fallon Summers

Tails of Perversity #11 (Elegant Angel)
Roxanne Hall, Alicia Rhodes, Christie Lee, Vicki Richter, Trinity Page

Jackie & Jill (Vivid)
Kira Kener, Lezley Zen, Lily Thai, Karina, Julie Robbins

Barely Legal #47 (HUSTLER)
Larisa Fox, Kathleen Kruz, Ashley Fires, Jayna Oso, Cameron, Jynx

Stack 'Em Deep (Acid Rain)
Lauren Phoenix, Lyla Lei, Ava Devine, Simone, Emily DaVinci, Ariana Jollee

Three-Quarters Erect

Wrecked 'Em (Zero Tolerance)
Mandy Bright, Janet Alfano, Demi Cool, Melissa Black, Vivienne, Clarissa May

Marked for Anal (FusXion/Metro Interactive)
Joselyn Pink, Pason, Haley, Sabina, Honey, Vicky Vette

Twisted Tales (Pleasure Prod.)
Trinity, Simone, Krystal Steal, Nikki Benz

Valley Girls (Madness Pictures)
Teagan Presley, Lisa Marie, Ice La Fox, Kimberly Kane, Lena Julliett

Aurora Snow's Perverted Tales (Sin City Ultra Entertainment)
Aurora Snow, Flick Shagwell, Charlie, Daphne Rosen, Jasmine Lynn

Half Erect

Teen Spirit #5 (Metro Interactive)
Haley, Leila Lei, Dominica Leoni, Scarlet Haze, Charlie Laine

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29 (Celestial Productions)
Monica Sweetheart, Bobbi Eden, Alicia Rhodes

One-Quarter Erect

Early Entries (FusXion/Metro Interactive)
Trinity, Delilah Stone, Teoni, Rose, Mary Lou

Fast Times at Deep Crack High #13 (Celestial Productions)
Nautica Thorn, Michelle, Honey, Alicia Rhodes, Violet Blue, Ariana Jollee

Totally Limp

Big Wet Asses #3 (Elegant Angel)
Mia Bangg, Vicky Vette, Chloe Dior, Angelica Sin, Olivia O'Lovely

Rating Guide

Fully Erect — Superior. A top-notch production.

Three-Quarters Erect — Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect — Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect — Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp — A total waste of time and money.

KURUPT: CELEBRITY REVIEWER

Starting this month, HUSTLER's *Erotic Entertainment* will have a little extra pizzazz: write-ups by various celebrities who share our appreciation for hard-core porn. Each guest reviewer will provide objective high points and lowdowns on the newest titles from the world of XXX. We're kicking off this new feature with a founding father of West Coast rap, Kurupt.

KURUPT

Kurupt blew up from back in the day when L.A.'s South Central was the Liverpool of gangsta rap. He first made a name for himself with guest spots on two of the best-selling and most-respected rap albums ever, *The Chronic* and Snoop Doggy Dogg's maiden voyage, *Doggystyle.* Through the early '90s, Kurupt allied himself with some of the decade's best hip-hop soundtracks, dropping jointz for *Poetic Justice*, *Above the Rim* and *Murder Was the Case.* In 1994 Kurupt teamed up with Daz Dillinger to form Tha Dogg Pound, a platinum-yielding venture that further cemented the young rapper's reputation as a hip-hop force to be reckoned with. After going solo, Kurupt ushered in the new millennium by adding actor to his résumé with appearances in the films *Dark Blue* and *Hollywood Homicide.* Kurupt will drop *Against the Grain*, his first studio album in four years, for the Death Row label.

Q&A by Tom Farrell, HUSTLER's Entertainment Editor

FARRELL: What was your introduction to porn?

KURUPT: I was a kid, and I saw *Playboy* behind a store counter and snuck a look at it. My mama popped me upside the head!

Who are your favorite porn actresses?

Besides Courtney Devine and Winter Sky, there's my homegirl India.

I interviewed her last year for my story on the ten greatest black porn actresses, and India told me that the first time she ever sucked a dick was during a film shoot.

Stop lyin'! (*Laughs.*) That's what *you* should have said. Stop lyin'!

Ever been caught jerking off to porn?

(*Laughs.*) No—'cause if anybody did that, I'd crack 'em upside their head! But I will tell you this. There was plenty of time we'd bring girls home and throw some porn on, and the girls would start jerking off.

Like a lot of rappers, do you have any adult-film aspirations?

Yeah, I wanna put together an all-girl flick. I'm gonna be adding music to the table. All we gotta do is film it and get it out there.

Booty Central #5: Dimepieces

Director: KK

Starring: Winter Sky, Courtney Devine, Candice, Jocelyn, Gabriella Asstryd, Bianca Varotti, Milla Catallany

DVD & VHS: DVSX

*Courtney Devine is fine in **Booty Central #5.***

I ain't gonna lie. I'm biased on this flick 'cause it contains two of my favorite new porn stars—Courtney Devine and Winter Sky. Courtney is crackin', and Winter is the bomb! Plus, Winter reminds me of R&B singer Blu Cantrell. She's got those beautiful model looks and perfect face. My favorite scene was where Courtney Devine was getting poked in the ass while slipping fingers in and out of her coochie. But what really took away from the movie was too many dick shots. Too much damn dick! But overall, nothing can take away from how hot Courtney Devine and Winter Sky are. These two beautiful girls are what makes *Booty Central #5: Dimepieces* worthwhile. Devine and Sky are the bombest females in porn.

Violation of Marylin Star

Director: Jim Powers

Starring: Marylin Star, Christina Wolf, Candy Apples, Evan Leigh, Candy Hill, Gwen Summers, Tori

DVD & VHS: J List

*Gwen Summers and her big, black dick in **Violation of Marilyn Star.***

I watched this one with my crew, and everybody seemed to like it the most. The movie was originally released in 1998, but now it's available for the first time on DVD. This flick was crackin'—there wasn't a bad part to it, and I watched the whole thing through with no finger time on the fast-forward button. The best thing I liked was all the girl-on-girl action. Don't wanna look at no dick and balls, and this movie keeps the action on the pussy. My favorite girls were Christina Wolf and her big bad titties, and freaky Gwen Summers with her pink wig. She puts out the most and does it the best. The hottest scene was when all the coochie was on the merry-go-round: a parade of hot coochie. *Whoo-wee!* Can't ask for more in a flick.

Slumber Party #19

Director: Camera Guy

Starring: Judy Star, Felix Vicious, Anne Marie, Sabrine Maui, Krystal Paige, Dreamy, Samantha, Bobby Barrington, Calli Cox

DVD & VHS: Shane's World/New Sensations

I really loved this movie. It totally took me back to when I was young. The girls in *Slumber Party #19* are all youthful and beautiful—and the bomb! Reminds me of the days when a nigga got his first shot at the pussy! One of the main things you have to look for in a porn flick is the quality of the ladies, and this *Slumber Party* flick doesn't disappoint. The chicks are all perfect, and they do shit you can't imagine. Sabrine Maui was my pick of the pack. Watching her bend her legs way far behind her head to get her little coochie eaten was one of the highlights of the movie. Sabrine's got a really nice pussy and really nice little titties. Can hardly wait for *Slumber Party #20.* That too's gonna be a sleepover you won't wanna miss!

*Felix Vicious tongues Sabrine Maui in **Slumber Party #19.***

Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Rumble Roses
Konami (PlayStation 2)

Are you ready to rumble with a bevy of lovingly rendered, scantily clad ring queens? We sure as hell are. That explains why this all-female wrestling offering has topped HUSTLER Magazine's most-wanted list for months now. Go ahead and call us leering pervs if you want, but the idea of watching two babes sweatily forcing each other into uncomfortable and often-revealing poses is our idea of a great time. Word has it that ***Rumble Roses*** is actually blessed with spot-on wrestling game play. Like we were even worried.

Shellshock: Nam '67
Eidos (PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

We don't need Michael Moore to remind us that war is hell. ***Shellshock: Nam '67*** depicts the controversial conflict—with warts and all. As a rookie serviceman on his first tour, the player witnesses firsthand the fucked-up nature of the Vietnam War. The game's horrific atrocities—including napalmed villages, gruesome Viet Cong booby traps and the ever-present threat of camouflaged foes—are serious flashback fodder. Play ***Shellshock*** and get more real combat experience than George W. Bush.

Snowblind
Eidos (PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Run-of-the-mill soldiers just don't cut it anymore. In ***Snowblind*** the players become enhanced super-grunts armed with outlandish energy and a powerful arsenal of tomorrow's mind-blowing weaponry. The game takes place in a futuristic China where communism still rules and where terrorists plan to cripple the entire country with a series of circuit-frying electromagnetic pulses. As usual, it's up to a one-man army to sort out the baddies. Get to work....

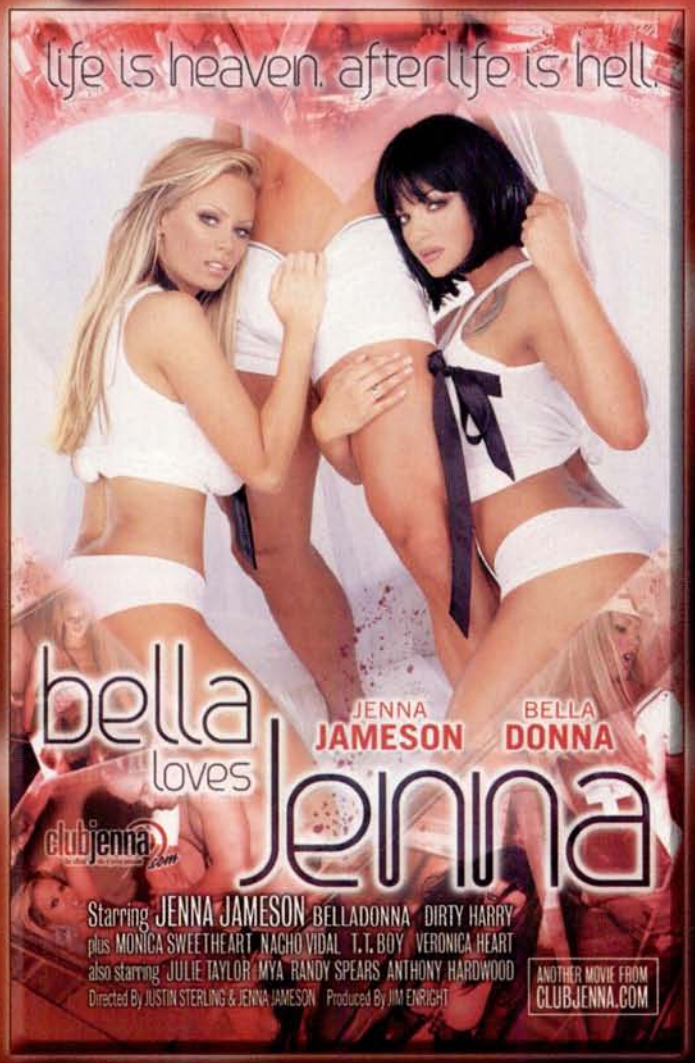
Get on Da Mic
Eidos (PlayStation 2/Xbox)

It's karaoke for the urban crowd. ***Get on Da Mic*** allows wannabe MCs to spit rhymes into the Logitech USB Microphone (not included). Dropping serious science earns lyrical gangstas the respect of audiences, the attention of a record label and cold hard cash. Ben Franklins translate into perks like cars, mansions and babes. The less-ambitious can play in a casual "freestyle" mode. Tunes range from current hits to old-school classics. Stop the violence! Keep the East-vs.-West-side-of-the-couch rivalries to a minimum.

Backyard Wrestling 2: There Goes the Neighborhood
Eidos (PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Porn queens Tera Patrick and Sunrise Adams (left) join the rogues' gallery of playable grapplers in ***Backyard Wrestling 2: There Goes the Neighborhood***. Expanding on the strengths of the first edition, this sequel amps up the insane moves, bloody injuries and interactive environments. A killer soundtrack featuring Body Count and T.S.O.L. keeps the aggression rolling. Just go easy on the fuck-stars, fellas; only their genitals are used to this kind of abuse.

::: jenna is back :::


life is heaven. afterlife is hell.
bella loves Jenna
JENNA JAMESON
BELLA DONNA
clubjenna.com
Starring JENNA JAMESON BELLADONNA DIRTY HARRY
plus MONICA SWEETHEART NACHO VIDAL T.T. BOY VERONICA HEART
also starring JULIE TAYLOR MYA RANDY SPEARS ANTHONY HARDWOOD
Directed By JUSTIN STERLING & JENNA JAMESON Produced By JIM ENRIGHT
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Bella loves Jenna is the most anticipated title in the history of adult film, it has it all and then some. It's the largest adult release of all time, outselling the infamous Pam and Tommy Lee tape! The boy/girl scenes in this movie are beyond explosive and the Bella/Jenna scene is without a doubt, award winning sex at its finest from the Queen of Porn.

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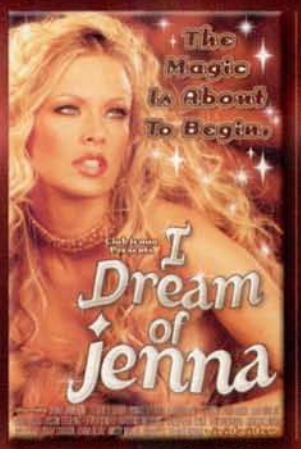

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TEAGAN

TEMPTATION ISLAND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Born in Houston, Teagan may have grown up in a conservative family, but she didn't start doing adult movies to rebel against a strict upbringing (like many newbies tend to do). Actually, it was to seek revenge against a rejected beau. "I was mad at my ex-boyfriend," the 19-year-old Texan explains. "He never thought I could strip. So I decided to take it one step further than that."

Unfortunately, the plan went haywire when the bitter ex called Teagan's folks and surprised them with the news. "At first they were shocked and mad," the Lone Star beauty recollects. "They eventually learned to accept it, but are basically in denial."

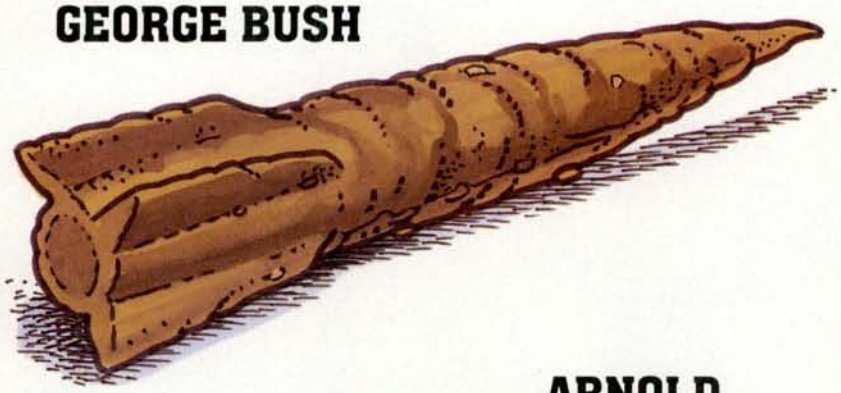
Before all hell broke loose, the leggy Leo had enjoyed a relatively normal routine. Teagan attended Palomar College near San Diego, worked as a day-care counselor and trained as a ballet dancer. "I was taking classes at the American Ballet Theater," the nubile temptress recalls. "The ABT has what are called summer intensives in different states, and I went to the one in California. Later I got accepted to the ABT in New York, but I finally ended up quitting. I just got tired of ballet." We hope all ballerinas will follow Teagan's footsteps and take off the tutu.

POLITICAL

BY Trosley

POOP

GEORGE BUSH



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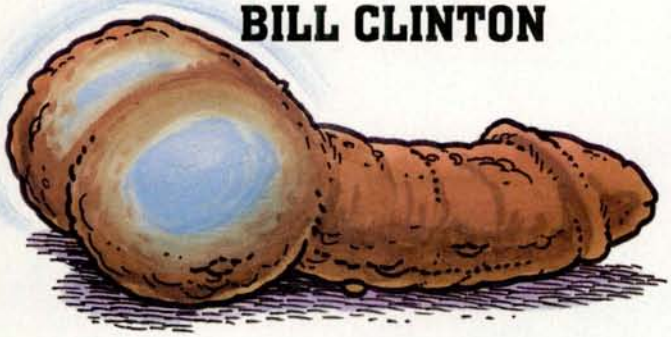
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

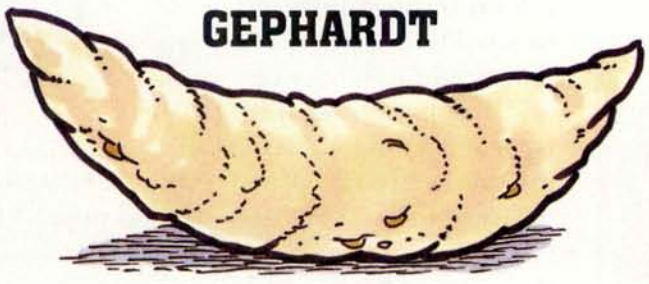
AL SHARPTON

BILL CLINTON

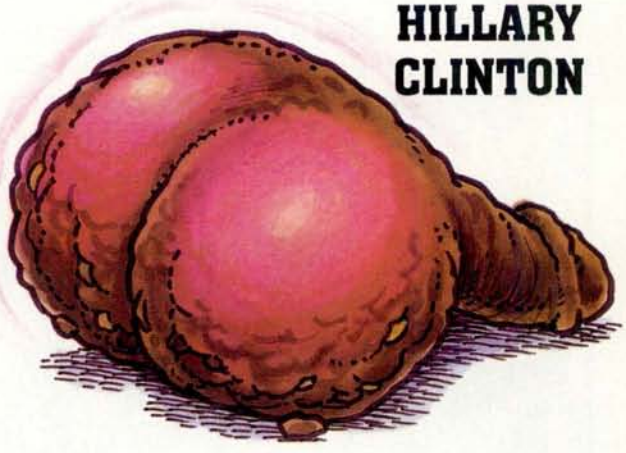


DONALD RUMSFELD

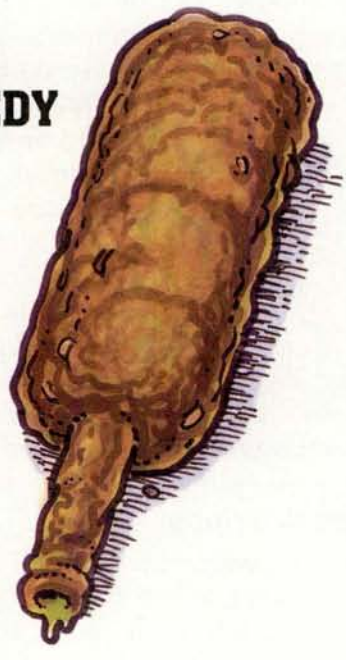
DICK GEPHARDT



HILLARY CLINTON

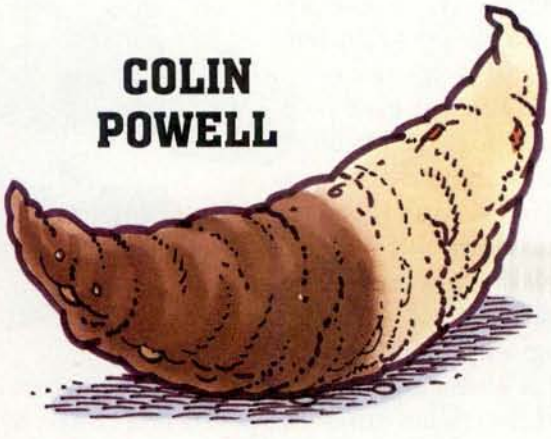


TED KENNEDY

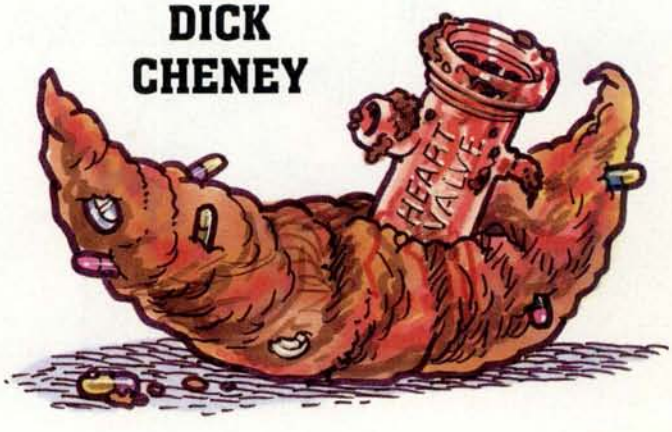


JOHN ASHCROFT

COLIN POWELL



DICK CHENEY



TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Keith Valcourt

Stickin' It Old School

With her full lips and inability to speak, who among us in the 1980s didn't want Ms. Pac-Man? Now Jakks Pacific, creators of Plug and Play TV games, has

brought the video-game sweetheart back. Actually, this self-contained system includes Ms. Pac-Man herself and four other retro arcade favorites. It's the latest in the Jakks Pacific line, which also features Atari Joystick, Pac-Man and Atari Paddle. Perfect for gamers and their parents. Available at major retailers or log on to **JakksTVGames.com** for more info. Suggested retail price: $20

I Can't Hear You!

Shure has come up with a comfortable, state-of-the-art earphone system that eliminates background noise and delivers studio-quality sound. The E3c Micro-Speaker technology was originally developed to allow professional musicians to hear their monitors while in a loud onstage environment. The earpieces are lightweight (nine ounces) and compatible with all personal audio devices, including MP3, CD and DVD players. Available at **Shure.com/ears**. Suggested retail price: $179

Who Nose?

Here's another fact of life: No one likes excessive nasal hair. Absolutely no one. With the new Turbo-Groomer 5.0 from Sharper Image, such offending fuzz can be quickly and easily removed. Armed with dual cutting heads and rotary blades made of Swiss surgical stainless steel, the Turbo-Groomer 5.0 is perfect for every facial-grooming need. Available at Sharper Image stores nationwide or online at **SharperImage.com**. Suggested retail price: $59.95

Bumps & Grinds

If you're a gamer who wants all the excitement of real motorsports, then this is for you. Intec's new Wireless Racing Wheel 2.4 GHz for the Xbox lets you play up to 30 feet away and experience every bump and excruciating crash of high-speed, competitive driving. The completely portable unit has both foot pedals and shifting pedals, as well as an adjustable wheel to customize your gaming experience. Intec also offers a Wireless Wheel for PlayStation. Available at major retailers and electronics stores. Suggested retail price: $79.99

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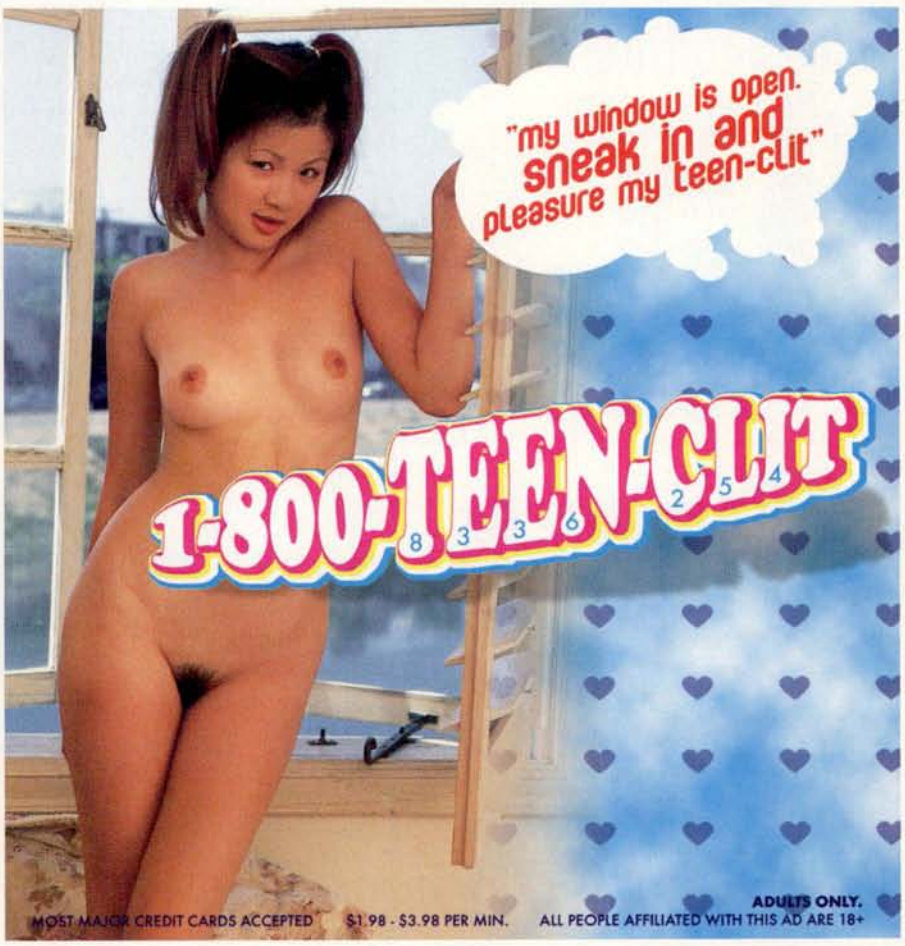

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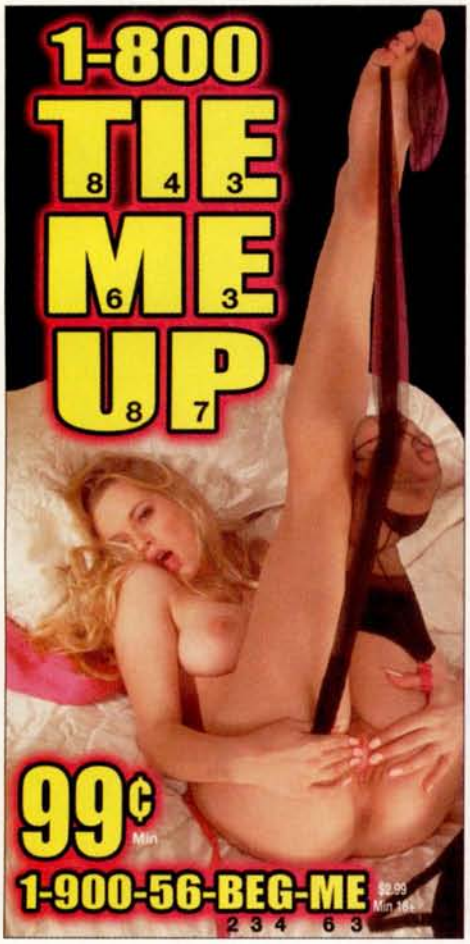
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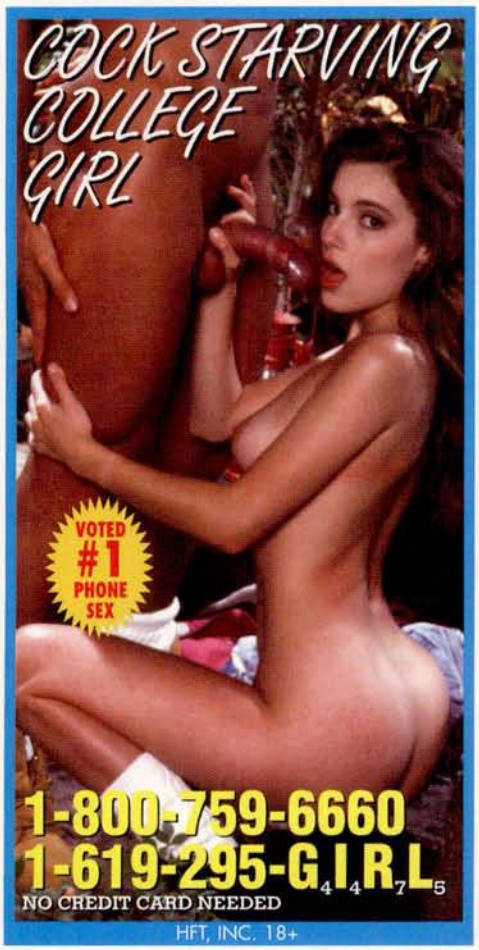
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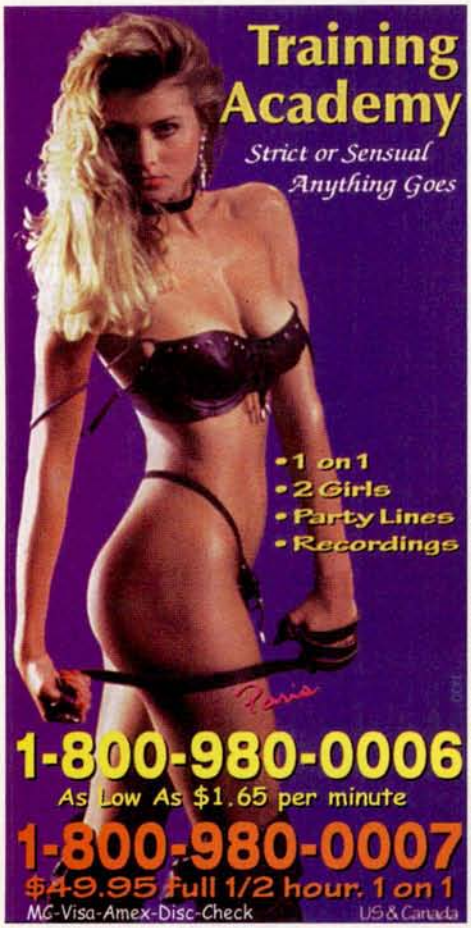

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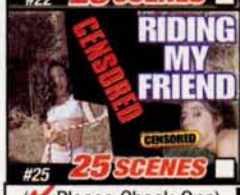

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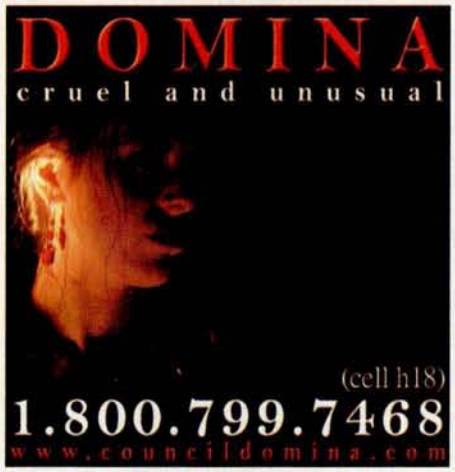
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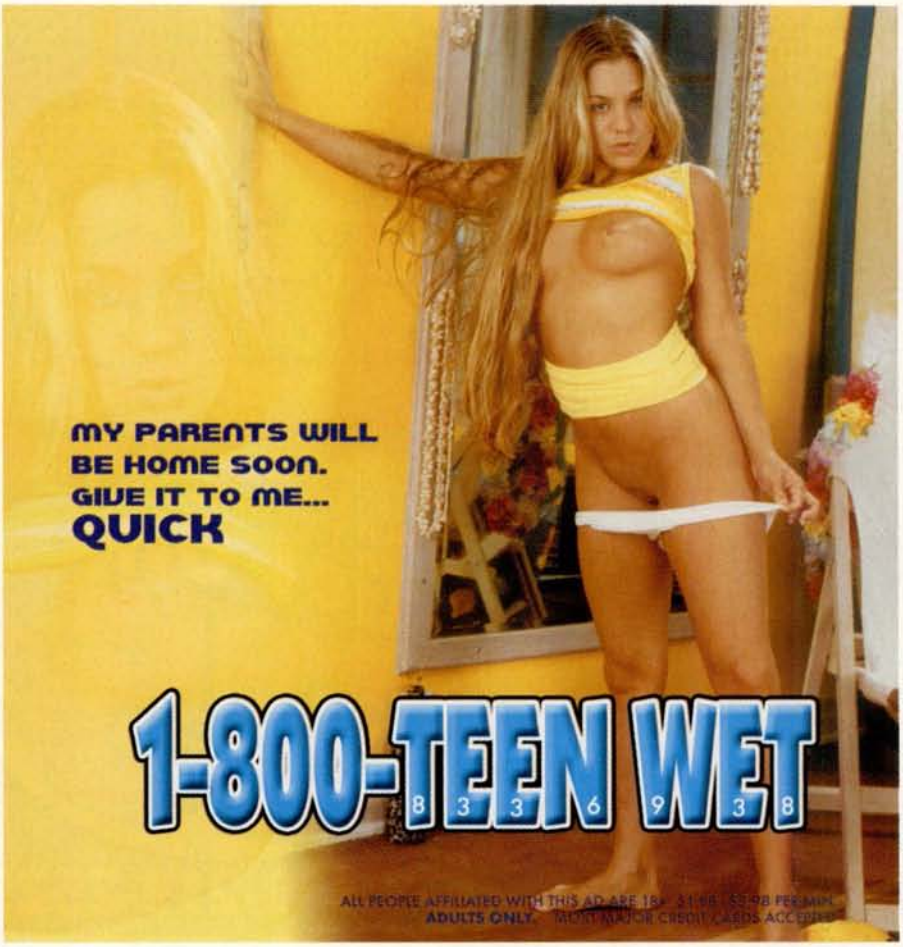
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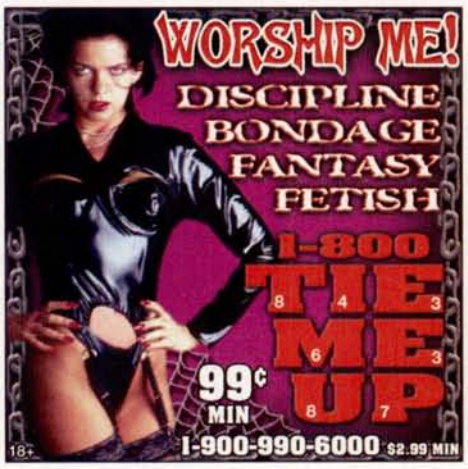
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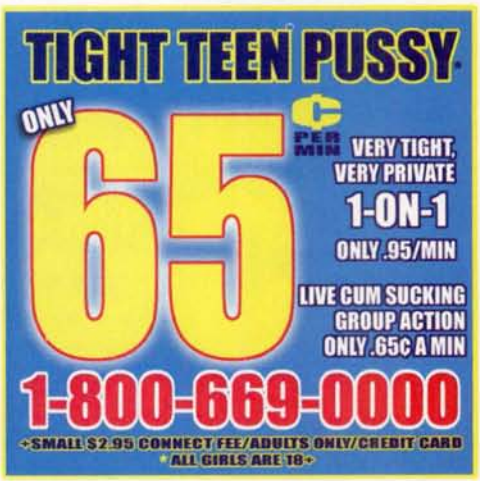
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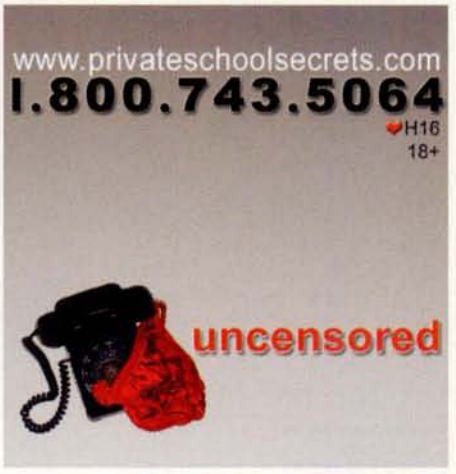
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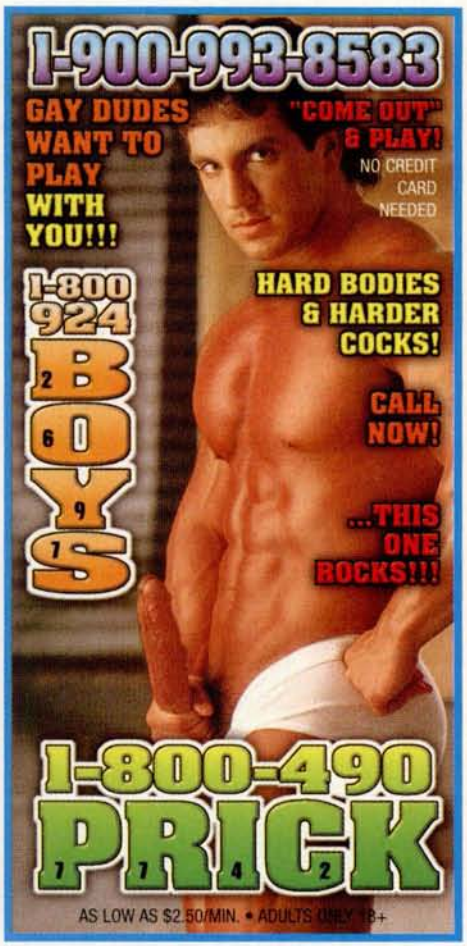
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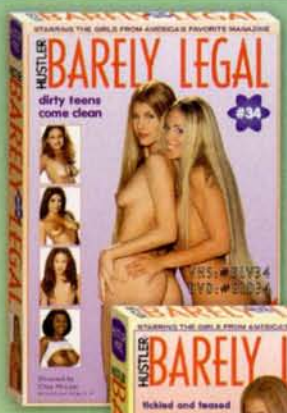

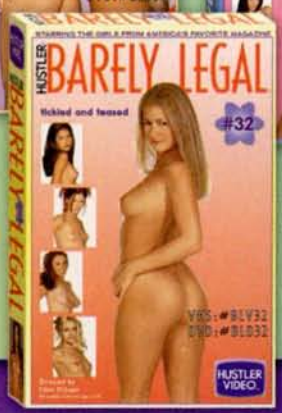

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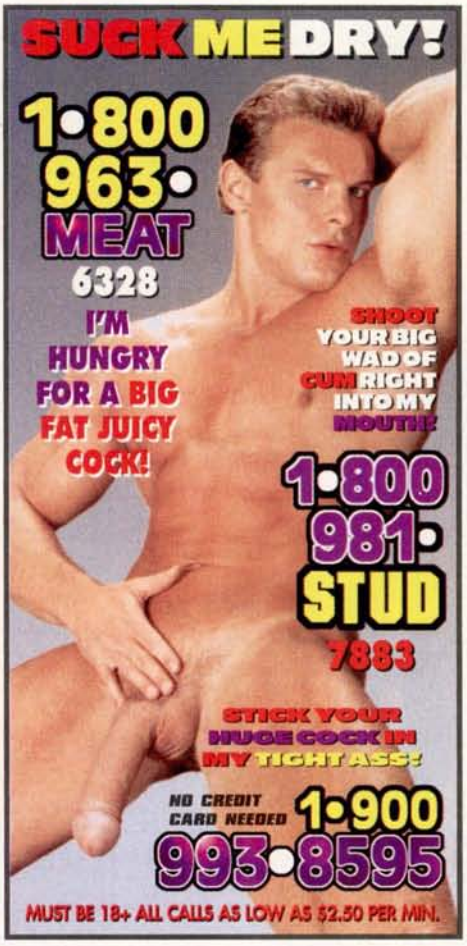
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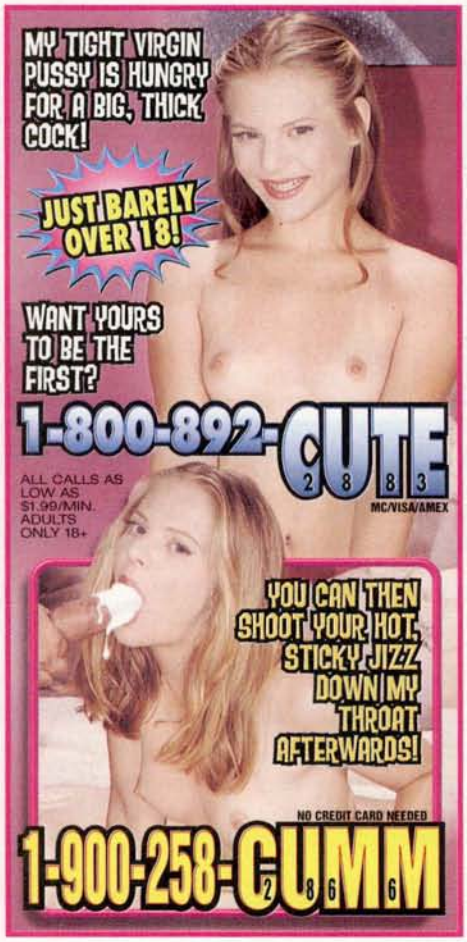
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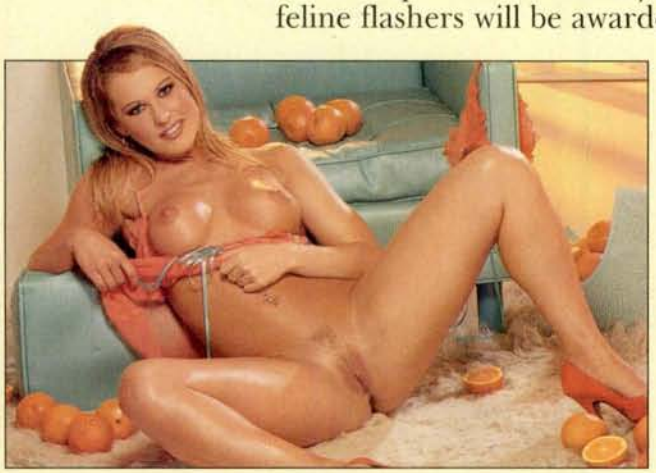
GET OUT THE VOTE!

HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Finalists

With the White House talking about delaying the Presidential election because of *possible* terrorist activities, here's what may be your only chance to vote for anybody this year; and all of our candidates have far better platforms! So do your duty and help decide which of these tantalizing feline flashers will be awarded $5,000 and a glorious encore presentation.



Brandie ☐

Showcased in September '04 with the subtitle *Freshly Squeezed*, Brandie is a toothy dental hygienist from California who lists flossing as one of her two favorite oral activities. We'll let you guess the other. If the 29-year-old wins the five grand, she plans to use the cash as a down payment on her first home. Of course, we wouldn't mind checking out the bedroom.

Chexie ☐

Hailing from the Czech Republic, Chexie immigrated to America seven years ago and currently resides in Delaware. Seeing her *White Heat* pictorial in October '04, how could anyone guess that the doll is studying computer-network engineering? If she finishes on top, the 27-year-old hottie would spend some of her winnings to fly back home and visit her family. Sign us up for the Mile High Club, Chexie!

Erin ☐

A North Carolina babe, Erin is a stripper who enjoys four-wheeling, playing volleyball and getting spanked. Since the 18-year-old plans to continue her education, $5,000 would certainly come in handy. Naturally, Erin needs *your* firm hand to make that dream come true—and if you need extracurricular convincing, check out her November '04 *Good in Bed* photo-set.

Kitty ☐

As mentioned in her December '04 *Wild Blue Yonder* feature, one of Kitty's X-rated fantasies is to be sprawled on a desk at work while the head honcho does to her bald pussy what Bush has been doing to our country for the past four years. The Connecticut fishing buff has another mighty big wish: to be the victorious Beaver and reel in that $5,000 Grand Prize.

Check Your Favorite's Box! (Multiple votes will be disqualified; photocopies not accepted.)
Tear out this page and send it to HUSTLER's *Beaver of the Year Contest*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Thanks for voting...and thanks to every amateur model who's given us a peek!

Evoking the holiday spirit by donning red and green ribbons is a 21-year-old housewife from New Iberia, Louisiana. Kitten's hobby may be arts and crafts, but it's being a tart that meets our approval. "The first time I had anal sex," the neophyte purrs, "I think all the neighbors heard me." Kitten's fantasy? "Doing a private dance for a group of guys and another girl." —Photo by Husband

"My husband has the fattest head I've ever seen on a cock," says this 26-year-old homemaker from Destin, Florida. "I suck it at least eight times a day!" Maybe that explains why the 4-11 pixie falls asleep nightly with a pacifier in her mouth. Jaimie's wet dream is "having a hot HUSTLER girl help me drain my lucky guy. After we drink his nut, he can watch us get it on." —Photo by Husband

Green-Eyed Angel, 31, has made it easy to visualize finding her butt naked in two of the gal's favorite love nests: a soft chair and in front of the fireplace. Since the topless dancer from Bossier City, Louisiana, hopes to do a layout someday, we've given the avid exhibitionist an extra peek. Angel, whose pastimes include listening to music and watching porn, says her naughtiest sexual encounter was a threesome with two guys. "It was just an experiment," she explains. "I don't normally do that sort of thing." Angel's summery fantasy is "making love near a beautiful waterfall." —Photos by Friend

With little urging from her boyfriend, this restaurant manager from Dayton, Ohio, is now being served up for viewing pleasure. A motorcycling enthusiast, Rose prefers riding Harleys when she wants to get somewhere fast, and having sex on top of one when feeling wild-eyed and bushy-tailed. The 20-year-old Buckeye's fantasy is "having sex with my man and two other females." Incidentally, Dayton was where Larry Flynt first opened up a strip club back in the '70s. —Photo by Boyfriend

Orlando, Florida's Jayden, 29, is a hairstylist who enjoys taking baths, sunbathing and shopping when she isn't toiling at a salon. Having already screwed on a rich guy's golf cart—"With a younger dude," Jayden coos—the 34C workout buff now wants "to do two guys at the gym." —Photo by Boyfriend

"I enjoy camping, skinny-dipping, watching X-rated videos and playing with my dildo," says the 20-year-old from Seierville, Tennessee. "And I enjoy sex of all kinds and many ways." An ideal housewife, Teresa imagines "eating another woman while my husband watches and jacks off." —Photo by Husband

Here's a big-rig driver out of Athens, Alabama, whose hobbies include fishing, surfing the Web and teasing her counterparts by "showing off my body." Breeze, 40, often fantasizes about "making love with my truck-drivin' man on a flatbed trailer, knowing we might get caught." —Photo by Husband

"I love to suck and cook," declares Pasadena, California's most exhibitionistic plumbing contractor. Born in 1969, Kimberly is also big on racing cars, reading and anal sex. "My fantasy is to do five men at one time," vows the DP wannabe. "I'm hot for anything!" —Photo by Friend

Proving just how bad she can be, April has made her nudie-mag debut with a double dose of stellar anatomy. Not too long ago the 27-year-old Cleveland housewife would have been content to mention that her leisure-time kicks are motorcycling, sunbathing and partying, but being a HUSTLER personality has opened the floodgates. "I'll admit to masturbating, and doggy-style is my favorite position," divulges the 5-8 blonde, whose fantasy is "having sex with two girls while my husband watches." —Photos by Husband

A nursing student from Milwaukee, 25-year-old Danielle also dabbles as an Internet dominatrix. Swimming, running and fishing are among the 4-11 Badger's pedestrian pursuits, but the bi cutie is also fond of oral sex (especially giving) and boudoir rough stuff. Danielle's twin sister took her pic, and both girls will appear together shortly. —Photo by Eve

"Southern girls are the most fun," chirps Daisy, an office manager by way of Valdosta, Georgia. Out of her work duds the 23-year-old is precisely that, the golf course being an 18-hole aphrodisiac. She also has a keen fascination with the fairer sex. "Gorgeous women are a huge turn-on," Daisy confides, "especially when they flirt, touch and tease me. My fantasy is having a woman totally digging me."
—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition is looking for you! Snap a half-dozen or so clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the Grand Prize Winner's lensman is $500, and the Finalists' shooters each pocket $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and legible copies of two forms of ID, one with photo and denoting your date of birth (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Also, one ID must include your signature. Provide us with photocopies, not originals. All entries must include sharply focused color prints or slides. All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, IDs and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or pro names

Name to be published | Phone (include area code)

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Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

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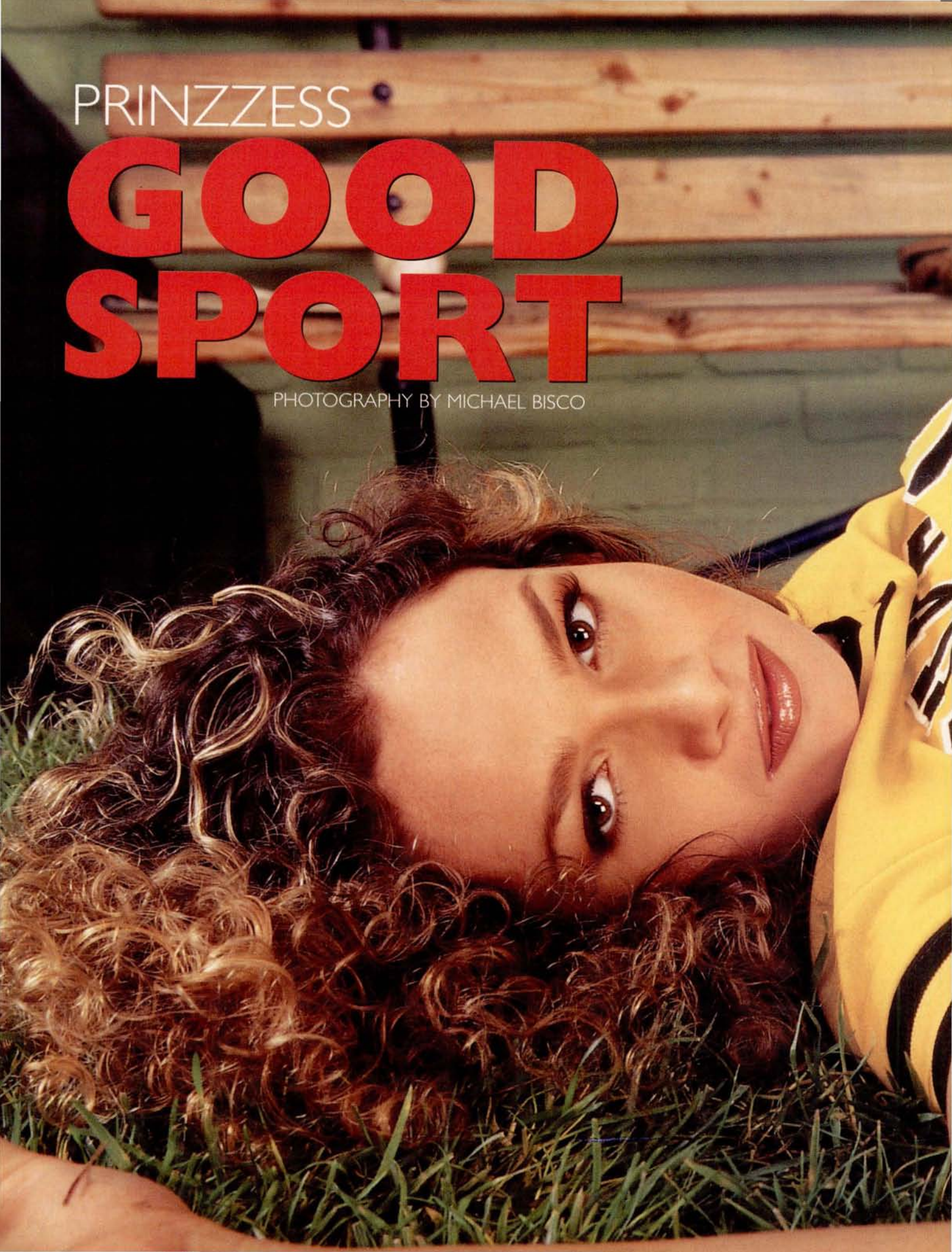
PRINZZESS

GOOD SPORT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO



Hailing from South Florida, Prinzzess had ambitions to become a mainstream fashion model, but came up a tad short. "Everyone wants you to be 5-7 to 5-9," she laments. "I'm only 5-4 in my bare feet. The agencies wanted to put me into petite modeling, but I knew there wouldn't be much demand for a girl my height." Faced with a bleak future of occasionally modeling for the vertically challenged, the diminutive Aquarius broke into porn.

At first she tried to keep her naughty career a secret, but made the mistake of using one of her nudie pix as a screensaver. "My dad was on my computer," Prinzzess recalls, "and then we started talking. After a while my picture popped up, and he saw it. Not good!"

On a more positive note, the 19-year-old claims to be related to military legend General John J. Pershing. "He was my granddad's second cousin or something," the hottie explains. "He was a big-shot in World War I."

A strategist like her ancestor, Prinzzess plans to cash in when this issue of HUSTLER hits the stands. "I'm gonna be selling autographed copies at car shows in Florida." Unfortunately, free hand lotion won't be included.

NEXT MONTH

NUCLEAR CRIME: CONTAMINATION AT ROCKY FLATS

When it comes to potential catastrophes on U.S. soil, our own Justice Department has endangered the population as much as any terrorist group—and gotten away with it. Rancher Wes McKinley, foreman of the grand jury that investigated widespread environmental misconduct at Colorado's infamous Rocky Flats nuclear-weapons plant, details how Uncle Sam sought to muscle the panel into silence in the book *The Ambushed Grand Jury*. In a roundtable interview with Bruce David and Mark Cromer, McKinley joins coauthor Caron Balkany and Rocky Flats whistle-blower Jacque Brever to divulge frightening allegations of a massive government coverup.

WINDBREAKERS: WOMEN & FARTING

If you thought letting one loose in front of your fiancée was a deal-breaker, you can now tell her it's a potential Web site. Of all things odd on the Internet, farting may be the strangest—especially flatulent foxes exchanging gassy broadsides with beer-guzzlin' frat boys. Jim Dawson, author of *Who Cut the Cheese: A Cultural History of the Fart*, reports that the new fetish is drawing a surprising number of spectators and participants.

ON THE ROAD WITH MANCOW MULLER

Free-speech champ Mancow Muller is known for the rapid-fire, no-holds-barred humor of his syndicated morning radio show, but when his father passed away, Mancow immersed himself in a nonstop orgy of sex and drugs—a downward spiral he later recounted with his trademark, madcap flair. Mancow offers an intense glimpse of that harrowing journey in an excerpt from his gonzo memoir *Dad, Dames, Demons and a Dwarf: My Trip Down Freedom Road.*

OF VIDAL, MALKOVICH, RUSHDIE & PORN

Photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders has captured another side to the pornification of our culture in his new book *XXX: 30 Porn Star Portraits*, bringing into full relief the duality of performers themselves. Essays by Gore Vidal, John Malkovich, John Waters, Karen Finley and Salman Rushdie place the images into the context of Americans' long and unabated fascination with the genre. Journalist Christine Pelisek opens us to Greenfield-Sanders's superb work.

PLUS Make your resolutions now, as seven hot-pink pictorials are just around the corner, along with naked amateurs and an arsenal of entertaining diversions. Forget about waiting for the ball to come down this New Year's Eve—watch the panties and inhibitions drop in HUSTLER!

Jenna Jameson & Brianna Banks

The January 2005 HUSTLER is on sale November 9, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER's Web site at www.hustler.com.

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